AN IMPROVEMENT

Of { *Imprisonment*, *Disgrace*, *Poverty*, } Into { Real *Freedom*; Honest *Reputation*; Perdurable *Riches*; }

Evidenced in a few

Crums & Scraps

Lately found in a

PRISONERS-BASKET

AT

NEWGATE;

And

Saved together, by a *Visitant of Oppressed Prisoners*, for the refreshing of himself and those who are either in a worse Prison, or (who loathing the dainties of the *Flesh*) hunger and thirst after *Righteousness*.

HE, who, *five thousand* hungry Souls had fed
With *two small Fishes*, and *five Loaves of Bread*,
Would have the *Fragments* sav'd: for, that is sweet
To some, which others trample under feet;
This Prisoners late *Experiments* may be,
Of use to them, who know much more than he:
For, men to credit those, are soonest mov'd;
Whose *Words* to be sincere, by *Deeds*, are prov'd.

By GEORGE WITHER.

London, Printed in the Year, 1661.

THE

AUTHOR

OF THESE

Fragments,

TO THE

Humble, the *Poor* in *Spirit*, and to all those *Afflicted-Ones*, who disdain not these *CRUMMS*.

EXperience, *though to Fools it* Mistris *be*
Oft, makes men Wise; For, some effects on me
To that end it hath had: & though with mocks
Most entertain my Triple-Paradox,
It will, by what ensues (I hope) appear
That, Truths, *by me, therein averred were;*
And, that, whatever shall succeed thereon,
My Words, *and Actions, do concurr in* One.
Those few, who did here visit me, in love,
Seem'd, with so much contentment to approve
Their homely Entertainment with these Scraps,
That, they were pocketed; and some, perhaps,

Them, will Communicate: *Which if they do,*
So let it be, and much good do't them *too:*
I wish, for their sakes, that they better were,
But, if, as they did mine, their hearts they cheere,
I, may to Constancy, *encouraged be*
By their Example, more than they by me
At present are; and mutual Ayd's, *ere long,*
Shall make the weakest of us, to grow strong;
For, by GOD's Providence, (not seldom) springs
Noblest Effects, from most contemned things.
" *Let, all, who of these* Fragments, *Coppies had*
" *These* Lines (*to be perfixt before them*) *add.*

CAPTI-

CAPTIVITY

IMPROVED INTO

FREEDOM

By the Grace of GOD.

GEORGE WITHER, *to his* Friends, *who have inquired after him, ſince the late ſeizure of his* Perſon, Books *and* Papers.

WHere *I now am*, you much deſire to hear,
What, I am *blam'd for*; what, I *want*, or *fear*;
Which, this will briefly tell you: I am well,
(In *Purgatory*, between *Heaven* and *Hell*.)
My *Fact*, (which I acknowledge, in good ſooth,
May ſome offend) is only *writing Truth*;
And, that is, in prevaricating times,
Much more offenſive, then ſome hainous Crimes.
I nothing *Want*, that's truly needful, ſave
Due thankfulneſs to GOD, for what I have,
Who hitherto, in an unuſual wiſe,
Without my care, vouchſafeth me ſupplies;

Which

Which hereby, I acknowledge, to this end,
That, others may in ſtraits, on him depend.
All, I need now to *fear*, is, that before
I ſhall be freed, I way be made ſo poor
The *Meſſenger*, will hardly get his fees,
Or, that the *Remnant* of a Loaf and Cheeſe,
Which at my now forſaken Chamber lies,
Will mouldy be, or eaten by the Miſe.
I do not fear, that what I have expreſt
Or publiſhed, will not abide the *Teſt*,
Unleſs my *Judges*, do, by looking back
The *Gen'ral-Pardon*, ineffectual make:
For, that, which I laſt wrote, was but fruit torn
Out of the Mothers Womb before 'twas born,
Which, whether *Life*, or *Death* receive it ſhould,
No man with certainty, determine could;
And, if (according unto my *Appeals*)
That, which I purpos'd for the *Publick-weal*,
And honor of the *King*, may be peruſed
Intirely, and not palpably abuſed,
By *taking from*, or *adding thereunto*,
I do defie the worſt, this *World* can do;
Well knowing, that, if ſhe conceal what's done,
From Publick view, yet paſſeth *doomes* thereon
Which may be to my wrong, 'twill be reveal'd
And judg'd by GOD, to whom I have appeal'd.
Though now there be not left with me, one *Line*
Of what I laſt wrote, I no whit repine:
For, *Providence* will further my intent,
Thereby, much better, than the courſe I meant;
Or, elſe will raiſe up, if that be calcin'd,
A ſprightlier Product of the ſelf-ſame kind,
Which to obliterate, none ſhall preſume,
Nor time aboliſh, nor the flame conſume,

Till

Till it hath took effect to that good end,
For which I did at firſt, the ſame intend;
And, *Joſeph-like*, when I ſhall tried be,
Either the *King*, or GOD, will ſet me free,
To whoſe *Free-mercies* only, I appeal
Ev'n in thoſe things, which I intended well:
For, *extream Juſtice*, is a dreadful thing,
Whether pronounc'd by GOD, or by a *King*:
And, otherwhile, men of an *upright-way*,
Permitted are, in ſomethings to *miſ-ſay*,
That *Spirits* may be tri'd, and thoſe things known
Which are of GOD, from that, which is our own.
I have not purpoſely, one Paper hid
To cloake the worſt, that er'e I ſaid or did;
And if men would but at my *frailties* wink,
I'le tell them, when they pleaſe, ev'n all I *think*,
Although againſt my Life it might offend
So, their *Demands* to publick wellfare tend:
For, to that purpoſe, if it needful were,
I dare *ſay* more, than many dare to *hear*,
(As would be known by what is now ſurpriz'd,
might it be read in publick, undiſguis'd)
Yet, not exceed my limits ne'r-theleſs,
Or, bounds of *Reaſon*, or of *Soberneſs*.
I have diſcharg'd my *Conſcience*, as I thought
The preſent times required that I ought,
Conſidering, that otherwiſe, ſuch *Tools*
May be of uſe; and, men reputed *Fools*
Speak things, as pertinently in ſome caſes
As they, who are imployd in *Wiſe mens places*.
I am not ignorant, with what diſdain
Our *Pantaloons* my *Poems* entertain;
Nor ought diſpleaſed, that what I have writ
Seem'd *Frothy-ſtuffe*, unto a *Flaſhy-wit*,

My

My *sowr Herbs* are as pleasing to some pallats
As *Apricocks*, *Muskmillions*, or sweet *Sallets*
To *wanton Appetites*: and wholsomer
Than that, wherein they more delighted are.
My *Verse*, to them, seems *Vanity* to be;
So seem *They*, and all *Earthly things* to me.
By them, I numbred with *Phanaticks* am,
And they, by me, reputed are the same.
My *Muse*, harsh sounds unto their *ears* applies,
Their *Manners* do as much offend mine *eyes*;
And, if I merit Punishment, who *chid* them
For things misdone, what merit they who *did them?*
Should none Reprove, but persons wholly free
From Sinfulness, no Sin Reprov'd should be;
And where our *general Reproofs* offend,
Few men, their *private Errors* will amend.
All that is in my *Thoughts*, my *Words* or *Deeds*
Approvable, from GOD's free Grace proceeds,
And none deserveth blame, but I alone
(If I do) for what now is thought misdone.
Yet, *come not at me*, till you may be sure
Your *Visits* may no detriment procure
Unto your selves; for (though that I am zealous
Of *publick Safety*) many are so jealous
Of our Sincerity, whom they shall find
From them, in some things, of a diff'ring mind,
That they, who walk by *Gospel* and by *Law*,
May chance to suffer like *Jack Fletcher's* Daw,
Which taken among Pigeons, Pies and Crowes
For whom a Net was laid, did speed like those:
And, to help keep an *Innocent* from starving
May censur'd be, by some an Ill-deserving,
Which paradventure may be now my Lot.
(If *Christian Charity* prevent it not)

More to their ſhame than mine, who, now have here
Been their *Remembrancer*; nigh fifty year.
But, for me, take you neither *care* nor *grief*;
Death, will much more advantage me than *Life*:
I walk not blindly, in the Paths I tread,
And they will make me ſafe, alive, or dead.
I am aſſured, that his *Providence*
Which orders things of much leſs conſequence
(Whether conceal'd or publiſhed) will make
That which I've written, good effects to take;
And alſo by their means, perhaps, who be
As yet diſpleas'd, both with my *Book* and *me*. (then
Grant me but *NATURE'S* Freedoms, and let
The *Priviledge* of *COURTS* and *SINGLE-MEN*
Do what they can: for, I have broke no Law
Whereof, a *ſober Man* ſhould ſtand in aw;
Nor need I *Patrons*; nor ought have I done
To make me be afraid, through want of one.
I, reverence the *Powers* that are *Supream*,
And, know ſo well, what doth belong to them,
That, I cannot offend by *Libelling*
Either againſt the *Parliament*, or *King*
As many may ſuppoſe; for, *VICE* may be
Reprov'd, yet, they kept from Aſpertions free;
As will appear, when I have open laid
What, for my *Vindication* may be ſaid.
I love and honour more, a *Foe*, that's juſt
Than *him*, who *ſaves my life*, and *breaks his truſt*:
And, will not thank them, who, ſhall ſee wherein
I merit blame, yet palliate my ſin;
Or, ſhall excuſe me from due puniſhment,
When I ſhall know my fault, and not repent.
Nor will they be excus'd, in future times, (*crimes*
(Though yet they may) who make our *DUTIES*

Mine, is (if any) no more but *Omission*
Of somewhat; or, at worst, but a *Misprision*:
And, my *Case* now, may be resembled well,
By what, unto a *Northern Lasse* befel,
Who, having been corrected very sore
For calling of her *younger Sister* Whore,
Which was indeed untrue; her *Mother*, said
Unto the *lesser Girle*, tell truly Maid,
Did she not call thee Whore? She answer'd, *NO*,
(She did not) but, *she thought to call me so.*

I know there are those, who consider can
What use there may be of an *honest Man*
Who seeketh not for Honours, or for Self;
Hates none; affects his Neighbour as himself;
Fears nought but GOD, and his *own heart*: his
Doth reverence, and can in Prison sing: (*King*
When more desire to be affected thus,
It will be better both for them and us:
And, he who makes these things his chief ambition
Though *Wrongs* he feel, can never fear *Perdition*.
If less than formerly, I am befriended,
I, and my Suff'rings, quickly shall be ended.
If I find favour, you shall hear that from me
Which, to acknowledge, it will well become me:
Till then therefore *Adew*; and hereby know
That I am pleas'd, and well, if you be so.

Chr. ollr veDeeMer LIVeth.

Aug. 12. 1661. From Mr. *Northrops*, one of the *Kings* Messengers in *Westminster*, where I am civilly used.

George

George Wither, His first Meditation, upon his Commitment to *Newgate*, Aug. 22. For his *Poem* called *Vox Vulgi*, neither Published nor Finished.

I.

SO; I do now begin to be prefer'd;
And from an *Owl* within an *Ivie-bush*,
Advanced am, to be a *Newgate-Bird*,
As fast incaged, as my foes need wish.
My *Feathers* have so pluckt already been
That, no more I can lose now, but my skin,
And when that's torn away, I may presume
My Flesh and Bones, in short time, will consume.

II.

I was restrain'd before, but, not so strait
Was my Restraint, nor in so close a place;
I had my load, but not such overweight,
Nor seem'd I, so exposed to disgrace.
My *Friends* were overcharg'd with me before,
And will, this way, be now oppressed more:
For, that whereof my *Judges* me condemn,
Falls not so much on *me*, as upon them.

III.

But, is this Newgate, whereof so afraid
Offenders are? Is this the dismall place,

Wherein, before I came, I heard it ſaid
There's nothing, but grief, horrour, and diſgrace?
I find it otherwiſe; and, doubtleſs, either
It is bely'd; or, they who are ſent hither,
Within themſelves, when to this houſe they come,
Bring that, which makes it ſeem ſo troubleſome.

IV.

I no worſe here, then where I was before
Accommodated am: for, though confin'd
From ſomethings, which concern my Body more
Then formerly, it hath inlarg'd my mind.
Here, by degrees, with what the world moſt fears
(With *Torments*, and their *Executioners*)
I may be ſo acquainted, if I pleaſe, (eaſe.
That, things which threaten pain, ſhall bring me

V.

Here, I can ſee the bottom of that *Pit*
Which gapes to ſwallow me: here, I can view
What ſome, who have more *proſpect*, ſee not yet,
Nor will, till they their fears cannot eſchew.
Here, I find *Objects* to prepare me for
That, which my *Fleſh* and *Blood*, doth moſt abhor;
And, am aſſur'd, that, to what place ſoe're
I, hence am ſent, that GOD, will meet me there.

VI.

Though here, my *outward-being*, ſeems no better,
But, in appearance dayly worſe to grow,
My *Inward comforts* and my hopes are greater,
And, will be greateſt when they make leaſt ſhow.
Although my *Oyl* and *Meal* doth not increaſe
Since I came hither, 'tis no whit the leſs:
Yea,

Yea, though I am at more charge every day,
Then did of late, a *weeks* expence defray.

VII.

For that coſt, they ſupplied have, to whom
My *life*, it ſeems, is dearer, then to me;
And, they ingaged for me are become; (thee?
LORD! whence proceeds this *kindneſs*, but from
So is it, that, I now can hardly tell (*zeal*
Whether, my *Friends*, to *ſave* me, ſhew more
Or *they* more *malice*, who have ſought of late
To ruine both my *Perſon*, and *Eſtate*.

VIII.

I find already, by what I have noted,
My beſt *Expreſſions* will concealed be.
My *Verſes* (as the *Devil Scripture quoted*)
Produc'd by *Scrapps*, to diſadvantage me.
I ſee my ſelf oppos'd by no ſmall odds,
Frown'd on, by mighty men, and *mortal Gods*
Who ſit ſo high, that they nor feel, nor know
What things are ſuff'red, by poor-men below.

IX.

Not onely *Railing Foes*, on evety ſide,
But my *Acquaintance* alſo, and meer *Strangers*,
Unjuſtly, me defame, Jeer, and deride;
Threats follow me behind, before, lie *dangers*.
Yet to no mortal for ſupport I ſend,
Nor make complaints by Letter, or by Friend;
Nor will, except to them, to whom belongs
The Judging of my *Actions*, and my wrongs.

My

X.

My *ſoul*, theſe things conſider well, and whence
They do proceed: conſider *why*, likewiſe;
Who, puts into thy heart, this *confidence*;
Who, by unknown hands, each dayes want ſupplies;
Who, *comforts* doth augment as *griefs* increaſe;
Who, cloathes and feeds thee in this *Wilderneſs*,
And, when *Terreſtrial aydes*, are quite bereaven (ven.
Rains on thee, *Quailes* and *Manna* down from hea-

XI.

Mark, how this *Realm* is here Epitomiz'd,
As to a *Bleſt*, and *Reprobate condition*:
How *Mercies*, and *how Judgements are* deſpis'd,
By moſt men, at the brinck of their perdition;
How few, be wrought upon, in either place,
By *Threatnings*, or by promiſes of *Grace*.
How many, laugh, ſing, ſwear, curſe and Blaſpheme
Even when, *Hell*, ready ſeems to ſwallow them.

XII.

Here, thou ſhalt ſee, that meer *Stupidity*
And *graceleſneſs*, tranſporteth many a man
To out-face *Death*, with leſs Timidity
Then ſome with all their *Moral Vertues* can:
Here, thou ſhalt learn, that if thy Proſecutions,
Thy zeal, thy Courage and thy Reſolutions
Spring onely, from a *Natural Eſtate*,
Thou, with all theſe, mayſt be a *Reprobate*.

XIII.

Let therefore, theſe *Experiments*, which are
Be entertain'd; and, if henceforth God ſhould
(As

(As he perhaps will) *common helps* withdraw,
Let them quite go, and *catch on him fast hold.*
For, if thou then despaire, or shalt distrust
His *Love*, who never was to thee unjust,
This, will then prove to be a *carnal-boast*,
And, thou, with all thy vain hopes wilt be lost.

XIV.

Since also, thou dost feel thy heart more prone,
By *smiles* and *favours*, to be drawn aside,
Then by *harsh usage*, to be wrought upon,
Let thy weak'st *Bulwarks* be most fortifi'd,
Lest, they, who have not strength enough to win
The *Fort* by *force*, by *Stratagems* get in;
And, thou then ruin'd, be past all repair,
As many are, by those, who speak them fair.

XV.

That *Spirit*, *try*, which thy *Resolves* begets;
For, other while, as resolute are they
Who are possessed but with *Ranting-Fits*,
As any, in whom *Passion* bears no sway. (*Madness*,
Contempt of Torment, sometimes springs from
Stoutness, from *Anger*, or *despairing-sadness*:
Martyrs, and men, of *Reprobated sence*,
Bear suff'rings, with small outward difference.

XVI.

Search thou thy *heart*, therefore, with prudent care,
That, *Malice*, *Pride*, nor *Vengeance* lurk therein:
That *Love* of GOD, and all *mankinds* be there,
Linckt with a detestation of all Sin;
And, if thou find it so, be not afraid
What e're against thee shall be done or said:

For,

For, *Resolutions* built upon that Rock,
Will, of all raging Stormes, endure the Shock.

XVII.

Though *Princes* in their *Supream Councils* blame thee,
And such as are *prophane*, FANNATICK call thee;
They shall not able be, to fright or shame thee,
By any consequent which may befall thee:
And, if so prudently thou guide, thy *Pen*
That, when it strikes at *faults* it spares the *men*,
The *Wise* will from the *Fools*, themselves devide,
And, every *Just-mans* Vote, be on thy side.

XVIII.

Though it alwayes proves not, do not grieve
Nor vex thereat: for, what GOD calls thee to,
To put in Execution thou shalt live,
In spight of all this froward world can do;
And future times, will laugh to scorn the *storms*
And *Mountains*, rais'd by *Gyants*, against *worms*
When they shall see, (which they will see at last)
The *Towers of Babel* on their Builders cast.

XIX.

Make *Jesus Christ*, to be the sole Foundation,
Of thy *Affection*, of thy *Hope* and *Trust*,
Of thy *Belief*, of thy *Sanctification*,
Of all thy *Musings*, and of all thou *dost*:
For, nothing Justifies, but, doth Condemn,
That is not, *In*, *for*, *from*, and *by him*,
Without respect to any *Interest*,
Except, what, with his *Glory*, may consist.

LORD,

LORD, thou haſt, by renewing, in ſome meaſure
My much depraved *Will*, inclined me,
In all things, to ſubmit to thy *good pleaſure*,
Let what's defective, now, made perfect be,
That, known it may be to this *Generation*,
Man may attain to ſuch a *Reſignation*,
That, he ſhall more delight, *thy will* to do,
Then, that, which his *own will*, provokes him to.

XXI.

Prais'd be thy Bleſſed *Name*, who, as thou didſt
For *Joſeph* (when he was in Priſon bound)
For me, in my *Impriſonment* provid'ſt,
And, by thy *ſervants*, every where art found:
Be with me, as to be thou haſt begun,
Until my *Generation Work* is done,
And, when that's finiſh'd, for which I was born,
Let me with Joy, into thine *Arms* return.

To the Right Honourable the Lord *Mayor*, and the reſt of the Commiſſioners of the Peace and *Jail-delivery*, for the City of *London*, now Aſſembled in a *General Seſſions*.

The Humble Petition of George Wither.

THe ſaid *Petitioner*, having ſix and thirty years now paſt (before the great *Peſtilence* raged) lived in this City (about half that time, after he came to mature Age) did in Affection

thereunto, make here, his Voluntary Residence, when hundreds of thousands forsook their Habitations, that if GOD spared his life during that *mortality*, he might be a *Remembrancer* of his *Judgements* and *Mercies*, both to this *City*, and the whole *Nation*; which he performing according to his ability, hath hitherto (with his *life onely*, and *a good Conscience*) escaped the Plagues of *War*, *Poverty*, *Pestilences*, and *Parliaments*; and is now a *Prisoner* in your Jail of *Newgate*, in order to be try'd, by the *House of Commons*, at their next Meeting, for intending to offer to the private consideration of the Lord *Chancellor* of *England*, a *Poem* called *Vox Vulgi*, surprized (before it was finished) in this *Petitioners* hands; who being lately so Totally deprived of a considerable estate as not to be left worth this *piece of Paper*, is in danger through want of necessaries, to perish within your Walls, before the time of his Tryal will come, unless GOD (as he hath lately done) shall Extraordinarily provide him his dayly bread, by the Charity of some, who, perhaps are scarce able to provide for themselves and Families.

The said Petitionor therefore, (conceiving himself obliged by the Law of Nature, to do what he can to preserve his life (though there be nothing therein considerable, for its own (ake) humbly prayes your Honours that, if he can procure Bail, it may be accepted for his appearance, when it shall be required, before the said House of Commons; who being the Representative of them, whose welfare he hath preferred before his own, and the Court to whose

whose doom he seems to be referred by the Warrant for his Commitment hither, the said Petitioner, will patiently submit thereunto.

If it be in your Power, and may stand with your good pleasure to vouchsafe him this humble request, the said Petioner thankfully acknowledging your Justice and compassion, will pray for you as in duty he is bound.

George Wither.

The foregoing Petition, being delivered to the Lord *Mayor* at the Sessions, and no Bail allowed to the Petitioner, he forthwith composed this *Epigram.*

To the City of London.

WEre I, a Person, who had power to better
Thy Trade, or make thy Priviledges greater,
Or take away thy Citizens Estates,
Thy Walls dismantle, or break down thy Gates,
I had been lookt upon, though I had done
To thee no kindness, neither meant thee one.
But, of his love, there is no value made
Who nought can to thy wealth or greatness add,
Though he his life should hazzard for thy sake,
That, thee for ever, he might happy make.

BAIL, will not be vouchsaf'd; but, I must lie
Among thy Rogues, expos'd to live or die;
To starve or begg; and wholly be debar'd
Of Liberty, th'pitied and unheard
For doing what was honestly intended;
And, wherein, I against no Law offended.
This is, I must confesse, nor less nor more,
Then, I had reason to expect before:
Yet, all my labour, is not cast away,
For, it occasion gives me, thus to say.
I wish'd thee well, and will, what ever shall
To me, in my extremities befall:
For, here's a number yet within this place,
Who are of those in whom the Seeds of Grace
So fructifie, that GOD hath superseded
For their sakes, that for which his Justice pleaded;
And I have in my personal distresse
So tasted of their Charitableness,
That, thereby I, enjoying health, and life
(My self not seeking, but thy peace in chief)
Expect that Justice only, from thy hands
Whereon thine honour and thy welfare stands;
Which neither is thy Riches, or thy Power
For, these may come to nothing, in one hour;
And, if to them, thou overmuch incline,
I will not change my poor estate for thine.
Among the *Prodigies*, by many seen
This year, I, might for one, have numbred been,
If I, should all Particulars relate
Which do concern my Person and Estate:
But, they must now *Phanaticks* counted be
Who, either do believe what they shall see,
Or dare take notice, of those things that vary
From GOD's proceed, in courses ordinary;

And,

And, therefore, I think fitting to conceal them,
Till that, which is to follow, doth reveal them,
To manifeſt, without all Dubitation,
That, God hath ſpoken to this Generation.
Mean while, I'le ſuffer: for, our Peace muſt now
Not from our Actings, but, from ſuff'rings flow.
Yet, whether, I deſerve reſpect or blame,
Know LONDON, ſince I now thy Priſoner am,
That, if I have not wherewith to ſubſiſt
Thou art oblig'd, to find me bread, at leaſt,
Whilſt here I ſhall confinement undergo,
Though I had alwayes been thine open foe;
And, that 'tis Tyranny (what ere they are)
To lay on any, more they can bear.
Know likewiſe, that, if here I ſhall miſcarry
Through lack of what, for life is neceſſary
Thou, thereby forfeiteſt, (as I conceive)
A better Charter, then the King can give:
Becauſe, through want of Charity to foes,
Much more to Friends, our part in Chriſt we loſe.
What I have been to thee, it hath been ſhown;
What thou to me art, it will now be known.
And, poſſibly, another Generation
Will heed, that I am ſomewhat to this Nation,
Deſerving better, then that lie I ſhould
Within a Jail, at ſeventy three years old,
For acting and deſigning nothing worſe
Then, how to ſave them from a greater curſe.
Look to your ſelves; For, whether bond or free
I am; I know, my GOD, will look to me;
And, I and mine, ſhall be both cloath'd and fed,
When they who ſlieghted us, want Robes & bread.

So believeth *George Wither.*

Ano-

Another *Meditation*, (or Ballad as the World perhaps, will call it) composed by the same *Prisoner* since his Commitment to *Newgate*.

I.

MY *Soul*, since we are left alone,
In our *Confinement* here,
Where we disturbed are of none,
To God, come, draw we near.
For, part of his three dreadful WOES,
Are now, so carrying on,
That, if to him, we cling not close
We may be quite undone.

II.

Our selves, let us examine so,
That though our foes condemn,
We may, for what we did misdo,
Make now our Peace with him;
Lest, when the world hath fully try'd,
How, here we may be vext,
We, greater miseries must abide
Where, she will throw us next.

III.

SIN, to full ripeness, is not come,
nor *malice*, to her heights;
And, we e're they receive their *Doom*
May look for more *despights*.

These,

These, which we have endured yet,
Have been sustain'd with ease;
But, GOD, it may he will permit
Much harder things then these.

IV.

'Tis but the *Suburbs* unto *Hell*,
whereto, we now are sent;
And (for the future) none can tell
What, hereto us is meant.
To better men, worse things befall
Then seem to be our *Meed*;
And, our Afflictions are but small,
To those, which may succeed.

V.

We have not that dark *Dungeon* seen
Wherein, is *endless Night*;
Nor in those, *Lowsie lodgings* been
Which ev'ry sence affright;
We feel not that, which many lack;
Nor Bolts, nor *Gives* we wear,
Fit things for *Belly* and for Back,
As yet, supplyed are.

VI.

With sickness, we are not oppress,
In body, or in mind;
No *outward cares* disturb our rest
No *Inward fears* we find.
For, all the suff'rings wherewith we
As yet, afflicted seem
Are onely such as grievous be,
In other mens esteem.

But,

VII.

But, should I, (being old and poor)
Diseased grow *within*,
With Aches, have my *Limbes* made sore,
Or, with an *Ulcer'd skin*
Be turn'd into the *Common Jail*
To lie upon the ground,
And, all those *outward helpes* quite fail
Which I have lately found.

VIII.

Should this befall us, where might then
Our hope and courage be?
This, happens oft to *Righteous men*,
And, this, may fall on me.
What, but *complaints* and mournful eyes
Would then, be in this place;
Harts aking, or still weeping eyes,
Scorns, and despaire of Grace?

IX.

These will be then the best *Reliefs*,
That, *Flesh and Blood* can see,
To cure or Mitigate their Griefs
Where such *Desertions* be.
Yet, be of nought (my *Soul*) afraid,
For, by his *Angels*, then,
Shall GOD's Assistance be convaid
When thou art left of men.

X.

They came unto the *Rich mans* door
At which the *Lazar* dy'd,

And

And, him to reſt Eternal bore
To whom, he *Crums* deny'd;
And when *Elias* had of bread
The meanes deprived quite,
He by the *Ravenous Fowls* was Fed
At Morning, and at night.

XI.

Their G O D is *mine*; and if in him,
My *Truſt*, I ſtill repoſe,
He, will to *me*, be as to *Them*,
To ſave me from my Foes.
Or, if of that depriv'd I am
which fed me to this day,
I know he will ſupply the ſame
As well, another way.

XII.

The *Earth* is his, with her increaſe,
And waſted were her ſtore,
He hath within a Richer place,
Enough, to ſend me more;
And, till it comes; That which doth *ſtarve*,
Diſcomfort and *deſtroy*;
My life (whilſt uſeful) ſhall preſerve,
And more increaſe my *Joy*.

XIII.

The *Plagues*, which others to *Deſpair*,
And to *Blaſpheming* move,
Shall ſtir me up, to *Praiſe*, and *Prayer*,
And fill my heart with *Love*.
Yea, that which on the *Kings of Earth*
Will dreadful horrors bring,

Shall make me with Triumphant Mirth,
A *HALLELUJAH* Sing.

XIV.

The *Purging Fire*, which them doth burn,
Who, therein Raving, lye,
Thy Droſſe (my *Soul*) to *Gold* ſhall turn,
Thy *Silver*, Purifie.
And, when thy *Fiery-tryal's* paſt,
No loſs will come to thee,
If thy *works* Fixt on *CHRIST*, thou haſt,
Though built of *Straw* they be.

XV.

Reſolves, which I had not before,
Theſe *Muſings* do beget;
And though, her *Furnace* ſeven times more,
The *World*, henceforth ſhall heat,
My *Soul*, return thou to thy *Reſt*;
For, GOD, hath me aſſur'd,
That, were I ten times more oppreſt,
It ſhould be well endur'd.

XVI.

How bleſſed is that *Heav'nly Place*,
Where thou, Oh *CHRIST*, doth dwell!
If thou canſt bring ſuch *Joy* and *Peace*,
Into this *Earthly Hell*?
He, with whom, thou ſtill preſent art,
What ere on him is laid,
If, thee he loves withall his heart,
Needs, no where be afraid.

Newgate, Sept. 3. 1661.

A *Re-*

A *Return*, in *Anſwer* to ſome of them, who ſent to know how it fares with me in my Impriſonment.

GOD, gave me *Grace*; by *Grace* I did conceive
A *ſaving Faith*; by *ſaving Faith* I live.
My *life of Faith*, hath had a preſervation,
By *Hearing*, *Acting*, and by *Meditation*.
By *Meditation*, I reduce to *Words*
What my *Experience* in this life affords.
By that *Experience* which I have attain'd,
A *Patience* in my troubles I have gain'd;
My *Patience* hath ſuch hopefulneſs begot,
That, this *diſgraceful Priſon* ſhames me not.
Though I am poor (and, as our Proverb ſayes)
As poor as *Job*) unto my God be praiſe,
I am no *Beggar*; for, I have not yet,
Been forc'd to ask for Money, Clothes, or Meat;
Nor tempted (having dayly bread) to borrow
Through fear of wants, that may befal to *Morrow*:
And, well remembring, who was pleas'd to ſay
There's *Care* enough belonging to each Day,
I, for a day to which I may not live,
Will not of what I have, my ſelf deprive.
With my *Condition*, I am pleas'd, and merry,
Of my *long-ſuff'rings* I am not grown weary.
And wiſh thoſe who purſue me with moſt hate
No worſe, then to enjoy the like eſtate,
Except my Bands. I have acquir'd this reſt,
By thoſe *Means* and *Degrees*, afore expreſt,
And, this, unfeignedly, to you declares
How, at this preſent time, with me it fares.

Sept. 7. 1661.
from *Newgate*. *George Wither.*

A Pass-By, in Relation to those, who seem offended at my *Frequent-Scriblings*, as they call them.

ME thinks, I hear some say, who look upon
These Papers; *will this fellow ne'r have done?*
Which *Questionists*, I, with a smile contemn,
Supposing, labour lost, in answering them:
For, nothing is more pleasing to their ears
Then Scurril Pamphlets, Bawdy Rimes, and Jeers.
To them alone, therefore, who take delight
In *wholsome words*, Ile shew why still I write;
Presuming, that my Reasons will not seem
To merit, altogether, disesteem.
Although my former *Poems*, and my *Musings*
Had not until of late Dayes, those perusings
Which I expected, nor now valued be
Of many, they have much refreshed me;
And, otherwise, for supplements have stood
Instead of sleep, of Rayment, and of Food.
In *Troubles*, me, they more content have made
Then *Wealth*, *Repute*, and all the *Friends* I had.
They cause me to be fearless of my *Foes*;
When I am *vext*, my *spirit* they compose;
When I am *Poor*, they are in stead of *Wealth*.
When I am *Sick*, they help repair my *Health*;
When I am *Well*, they are my *Recreation*,
When tempted to *Despair*, Hopes *Reparation*.
Thereby, when *Sadness* comes, to *Mirth* I turn it;
When I am *slieghted*, they do make me scorn it.
In Prisons, when my *Body* is confin'd
They do so many wayes inlarge my *Mind*
That, doubting whether will for me prove best,
The *Freedom* lost, or that which is *Possest*,

I use

I uſe the means of Both ; but, wholly leave
The choice to GOD ; and what he gives receive.
They are *Companions*, when I'm left alone ;
They find me *work to do*, when I have none.
By *day*, me from ill *Company* they keep ;
Make *nights* leſs tedious, when I cannot *ſleep*.
They *eaſe me*, when I am oppreſt with *wrongs* ;
When I want *Muſick*, they do make me *Songs*.
To *Friends*, who like them (where's no better cheer)
They, acceptable *Entertainments* are :
Oft, likewiſe, I make uſe of them, inſtead
Of *Charms*, when, I of *Fools* would fain be rid ;
For, if I read them, but a *page* or two,
They ſtrait, grow weary, and away they go. (mind,
They fix thoughts, which would quite ſlip out of
And, when writ down, I them, know where to find;
Yea, other men, thereby, have oft received
Refreſhments, if their words may be believed :
And (which is more then all this) to GOD's *praiſe*,
They are, and may be uſeful, ſundry wayes.
For theſe reſpects, whoever ſhall appear
Pleas'd or diſpleas'd, to me my *Muſings* are
Conſiderable ; and if any one
They do offend, them, he may let alone ;
For, though they have been tendred unto many,
I never, yet, inforced them on any,
Againſt their wills ; except perhaps it were
To ſave them, whoſe deſtruction I thought near ;
And, (I will not be ſhie the Truth to ſay)
No men, have worſe requited me, then they :
But peradventure, if that dead I were,
None daring to be their *Remembrancer*,
(As I have been) they may more miſchief'd be
Through want of one, then troubled now by me.

George

George Wither's *Appollogy for compoſing the* Poem *called* Vox Vulgi; *being a* Welcome home *from the* Counties, Citties *and* Burroughs, *to their* Prevaricating Members; *ſaving the honour of the* Houſe of Commons, *and of every faithfull and diſcreet Individual member thereof; which* Poem *was ſurpriſed before quite finiſhed.*

The Contents.

The Author, *here makes his defence;*
Clears his aſſperſed Innocence;
And frees himſelfe, from Juſt ſuſpition,
Of acting ought, without Commiſſion.

HEre, I have time to meditate upon,
What, I my ſelf, and other men have done,
Occaſioning my *ſuffering*, at this time,
And, in relation to what's thought my *Crime*:
Leſt, therefore, I may him offend who gave it,
I will improve this *Leiſure*, whilſt I have it;
For, when my *Muſings*, are expreſt in *words*,
The better means to Scan them it affords;
And to declare, what I ſhall now expreſſe,
I may hereafter, want both Time, and Place;
Or, being dead, before my *Tryal-day*,
My falſe *Accuſers*, to my charge may lay,
What they ſhall pleaſe; and none be certain, why
I was committed in this *Jayl* to die.
GOD give me ſtrength, to finiſh this; and than,
Let all my foes, do, and ſay, what they can.

I am not only queſtion'd, for a thing,
Preſum'd miſdone, but alſo, for the *Spring*
Whence 'tis deriv'd; and pleaſ'd ſome are, to ſay
That rending of my whole *Eſtate* away,
Had me provok'd unto an *angry-fit*,
Which was the *Cauſe*, of what I lately writ;
And, that I had a ſcurrulous intent.
To caſt aſſpertions on the *Parliament*.
To make it ſo appear, depriv'd I am,
Of what beſt proves, that, I deſerve no blame.
My laſt *Conception*, (which, before to Light
It could be brought, was ſnatcht out of my ſight)
May forced be to ſpeak, what I ne'r thought,
Or, elſe, be ſmother'd, as a birth worth nought:
Or, (that an ill intention may appear)
Some *Verſes* may be pickt out here and there,
(Without thoſe *Qualifyings*, which precede,
Or follow, to illuſtrate what they read)
Whereby, ſome *Inferences* may be made,
That, on *Good-manners*, I, intrenched had,
In ſumming up, and perſonating that
Which I have heard, the *Common-voice* relate:
Thus much to be intended doth appear,
By what, I do already *ſee* and *hear*.
Which *falſehood*, if, but barely I deny
I ſhall in *words* alone, retort the *Lie*;
And, *Reaſon* may be born down by the *noiſes*,
Ariſing from *plurality of Voices*,
Yeld forth by them, who ſhall intrude to do,
That, which nor *GOD*, nor *Good-men* calls them to.
I, therefore, will produce a *Vindication*,
That may be juſtifi'd by demonſtration;
Or, by ſuch *Reaſons* as will do me right;
Unleſſe they ſhall be kept from open ſight,

Or

Or clipt; or, I not ſuffered be to ſay
That, which to clear, my ſelf produce I may:
And, if ſo; by the *conſciences* of them
I ſhall be quit, whoſe *words* will me cendemn.
My *Cauſe*, may for the preſent, injur'd be;
But, all the World can do no harm to *me*.
Though that which is *without me*, wrong'd hath been
And may be ſtill, all ſhall be ſafe *within*,
So long as *GOD*, aſſiſteth me, by whom
I, with this *confidence*, am arm'd become;
And peradventure, they who think to ſpoil,
This *confidence*, may give themſelves the foile.
Their ſcandal, in the firſt place, Ile aſſay,
To wipe off, who ſuppoſe my loſſes may
Provoke me, or, that my *oppreſſions* had
Prevail'd, to make me grow a little mad;
But, they miſtaken are in that ſurmiſe;
For, to the world-ward, I am ſo wiſe,
To be by them diſtempred, in a mood
Like thoſe, who truſt in *Riches* more than *GOD*;
And, by what I am like to undergoe,
It will be proved, whether it be ſo.
I am not ſo in love, as men conceive,
With that, whereof the *World* can me bereave,
As to ingage, for ſuch poor Intereſts,
My quiet in this life, by thoſe conteſts
Which I adventure on, if I ſaw nought, (thought:
That much more worth ſuch hazards, I had
And, this mind, if my *Actions* did not ſhew,
In former times, thoſe will that ſhall enſue,
When, more undoubtedly thoſe things appear,
Which of my *Writings*, the chief motives were.
And will ſhew whether, I did ought intend
To drive on an ignoble, or *ſelf-end*.

It may he known, by what was heretofore
Divulg'd, that, nothing now befalls me more
Then I expected; That, I did foreſee
What lately ſeiz'd on other men and me:
That, having been here, in the *Worlds* great School
So long a time, I was not ſo much *Fool*,
As not to know, how, *Friends*, and *means* to make
In ſeaſonable time to ſave my *ſtake*
And mend my *Game*; if I unto that end
Had play'd it, which moſt other men intend;
Or, if I thought thoſe men, who look on me
With moſt contempt, were better then they be.
I knew as well as any, how to *Fawn*,
And *flatter*; what to *give*, and what to *Pawn*
For my advantage, if I could have thought
That, worth my ſeeking, for which moſt men ſought.
But though I find it an *imperfect Light*
Whereby at firſt, I walk'd, it gave me ſight
Of much more then the *World* believ'd, I ſaw,
And, kept me of mine *own heart* ſo in awe,
That, notwithſtanding I did for a ſeaſon
Oft ſtagger to and fro, 'twixt *Faith* and *Reaſon*,
(And ſtumbled otherwhile, into thoſe things
Which Ruine, unleſs *Grace* prevention brings)
I, in the *main*, purſu'd a *Good Deſign*;
(Not, I confeſs, by any power of mine)
And by ſome *Symptoms*, at the laſt, perceiv'd,
That, till of my *Eſtate*, I was bereav'd,
My *work*, would neither well be carryed on
(When that time came, wherein it ſhould be done)
Nor, take ſo good effect, as it would then,
Upon my *Self*, or upon *other men*.
For, which cauſe, when I ſaw it muſt be ſo,
Without reluctancy, I, let all go,

And without nouriſhing a ſecret ſpleen
Againſt their perſons, who my foes have been.
This, *future things*, much better will diſplay
Then all which at this preſent, I can ſay;
As alſo, that, they who from me of late,
Have torn unmercifully, my Eſtate;
By far worſe *motives* thereunto were led,
Then thoſe, which me inclin'd to what I did.
Loſs to prevent, or to regain *what's loſt*,
I did adventure no more pains or coſt,
Then *Reaſon* warranted, and obligations
Which bound me to have care of my *Relations*;
Or might, then, by purſuing of that *courſe*
Aſſure me, how much better'd, or grown worſe
Men, by thoſe *Judgements* and thoſe *Mercies* were,
Which GOD, had variouſly diſpenſed here;
And, having thereby learned what GOd meant
I, with my *loſſes* was as well content
As is a *Chriſtian* when by *Turks* purſu'd
(Who overpower him by their multitude)
He wracks his *Veſſell* on a friendly ſhore,
Where, he hath *Life* and *Freedom*, though no more.
Why, ſhould I angry be to ſee that gone
Which if I had not loſt, had me undone?
Which alſo, will undo them, who now have it,
And (if good heed he take not) *him* that gave it?
Or, which will be reſtor'd again to me,
If, for GOD's Glory, and my good it be?
Why, ſhould I be diſpleas'd to be bereft
Of that, whoſe *loſs* hath an aſſurance left
Of better things? Of that, which, whilſt poſſeſt,
Increaſt my troubles, and diſturb'd my reſt?
Of that, which I muſt ſhortly leave (though mine)
And, know not (when the ſame I muſt reſign)

Whether,

Whether, it to their *Weal* or *Woe*, ſhall tend,
To whom, when I am dead, it will deſcend?
These things conſidered, all *wiſe men* know
That, nor theſe, nor my former *Muſings* flow
From diſcontentments, or from *wrath* that ſprings
From loſs of inconſiderable things:
And *Wiſemens*, good eſteems, if keep I may,
A ruſh I care not, what *fools* think or ſay,
On whom, the leſs impreſſion it will make,
The more I rationally write, or ſpeak.
But, that, whereby moſt blame to me may come,
(And, which will probably be charged home)
Is an *Impeachment* for a hainous thing
That ſome are pleas'd to call a *Lybelling*
Againſt the COMMONS; which, if proved true
Ile ask no favour: For, I think none due;
And, if it be an unjuſt imputation
I for my *ſufferings* claim a *Reparation*,
Expecting (which ought not to be refus'd)
That, what is call'd a *Lybel* be produc'd
To open view, and ſight of ev'ry one
Who may concerned be, in what is done:
And, that, none may uſurp a Priviledge
Thereon to paſſe a Sentence as my Judge,
Who ſhall not read, or hear the ſame throughout;
For, *Solomon* hath freed it ſo from doubt
That, to averr, I ſhall not be a fear'd,
He, that doth Cenſure what he never heard,
Deſerveth ſhame; And I ſhall rather laugh
And Jeer thereat, then either grieve or chafe;
Becauſe, (at worſt) I, then a *Doome* ſhall have,
Much like as if, a *Fool* had call'd me *Knave*.
If left to Publick view, my *Poem* be,
And finiſht as intended was by me

No worse construction, thereof can be made
Then this, that, I have call'd a *Spade* a *Spade*;
And, means devis'd, whereby men may appear
Unto *themselves*, what others know they are.
By *fained speakers*, I have onely said
What was to me by *Common-fame* convey'd
And murmur'd in most places, to worse ends
Then that, whereto my harmless *Poem* tends:
And, if I may presume the *Truth* to tell
I am rewarded ill, for doing well:
For, thereby, I not onely turn'd aside
That general reproach which was apply'd
To all the *House of Commons*, and, alone
To them confin'd it, who brought blame thereon;
But, likewise, without personally blaming
(Or marking any forth) to their defaming,
Have sought to bring it to their Cognisance,
Who might thereby, the *Publick weal* advance;
And, who, if it prov'd worthy Approbation
Might useful make it for the Reformation
Of that, which else, will have a Consequence
More hurtful, then my *Innocent-Offence*,
For, though by publication, I had done
What might have seem'd a fault; (and now is none)
The *Generality* but little more
Had thereby known, then what most knew before,
When to worse ends, and more apparant wrongs
'Twas tost, upon the *Rackets* of mens Tongues;
Who, so dissatisfied seem to be
By what, they lately *feel*, and *hear* and *see*,
That very frequently they are offended
Ev'n with what for their *welfare*, seems intended;
Because, they having often been deceiv'd
Suspect, some *future mischiefs* then conceiv'd:

Yea,

Yea, then, are things, when plauſibly projected,
The leſſe believed, and the more ſuſpected;
Not by thoſe onely, who now called are
Phanaticks, but, by thoſe likewiſe that were
Diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Cavalier;
Yea, and our *Facks indifferent*, do begin
To be more Talkative then they have been,
Becauſe, they find themſelves in danger (whether
They are of this, or that ſide, or of neither)
So long, as things which Reaſon order might,
Shall paſſe by *number* onely, without *weight*.
To intimate, that, *Parliaments* had been
Diſturb'd, by ſome of thoſe, who were brought in
A *ſurreptitious* way; and, that by them
The *People* were abus'd is no great crime;
Nor is affirming, that they were deceiv'd
Unfitting to be ſpoken, or believ'd,
When generally avow'd; nor to averr
A *Parliament in groſſe*, may ſometimes err,
Since, neither to be *wiſe*, or *Innocent*,
Is, an *inſeperable Accident*
Of *Parliaments*; as hath apparant been,
By that, which we in our own dayes have ſeen:
For, that, they may with *Treaſon*, and with *Murther*,
Be charged, we ſhall need to look no further
Then, unto thoſe *Tranſactions* which have paſt,
Both in this *Parliament*, and in the *laſt*.
What have I then misdone in making known
How fooliſh, mad, or wicked ſome were grown?
How much oppreſt men are; how griev'd; and how
Exaſperated, more and more, they grow?
What fault commit I, when I hear men ſay
What's *done*, and what I ſee done every day,

If

If I declare (*ſedition* to prevent)
That I perceive moſt men are diſcontent,
And froward? ſince I neither made them ſuch,
Nor, therein am concerned half ſo much
As other men? nor did intend a courſe
Thereby, to make what's *evil*, to be worſe?
And, ſince, by that, which lately written was
By me, no miſchief can be brought to paſſe,
Unleſs, by accident befall it may,
As when *Heat* melteth *Wax*, and hardens *Clay*.
It ſeems hard uſage (therefore) to be thrown
Into a *Jail*; of all that was mine own,
In my old Age diſpoil'd; ſhut up alone,
Where, ſick or well (attended on by none)
I muſt in longeſt nights the hazzards take
Of what may happen, ſleeping or awake;
Not impudent enough, to beg or borrow,
Nor having certainty of bread, to morrow,
If *Charity* ſhould fail: which, is a caſe
Much worſe, then oft befalleth in this place,
To *Thieves* and *Murtherers*: yet, this is not
Here mention'd as repining at my Lot;
For, whereas I am onely lodged there,
Where *Murtherers* and *Thieves* confined are,
The Son of GOD, who for my Ranſome dy'd
Was twixt a *Thief* and *Murth'rer* crucifi'd:
And, in my preſent ſuff'rings I am eas'd,
By being well aſſur'd, that GOD is pleas'd
With what befals; and that I ſhall at laſt
Be fill'd with *ſweetneſs*, by what had a taſte
Of *Bitterneſs* at firſt; and, that to them
Who, me aud my endeavour now contemn,
Things may hereafter profitable be,
Which are at preſent, miſchievous to me.

Deſpited

Deſpiſed *Inſtruments* will be of uſe
To bring to mind, that which will help reduce
Confuſion into order, when apply'd
By *Meekneſs*, and not ſpurned at by *Pride*; (Jeer'd
And, things which by the world, as much were
As *Joſuah's* Rams-horns, when he firſt appear'd
Surrounding *Jericho*, will bring about
As great a *Miracle*, as then was wrought;
Though no *Examples*, yet, nor good *advice*,
Nor private *Admonitions* make thoſe wiſe,
Who have not *Eyes* to *ſee*, what they behold
Nor *Ears*, to hear a *Truth*, when it is told.
The hour is not yet come, which I expect
May probably give this a good effect.
But, there are times wherein that will content
For which, we ſhall at other times be ſhent.
My *Poem*, ſtiled *OPOBALSAMUM*,
(Though) more offenſive, then my laſt, to ſome)
The *Commons* (named the *Long Parliament*)
Did wink at, without ſhow of diſcontent:
Yea, though in plain terms, I made bold to tell
Wherein, their *faulty-members* did not well.
I, then (as in the laſt) had ſo divided
The *Goats* from *Sheep*; and had ſo well provided
To ſave their honour, who leaſt guilty were
That (though when that firſt *Poem*, did appear,
I was to them a *Priſoner*, for telling
What ſome of them to hear of, were unwilling)
They me inlarged, and vouchſaf'd me more
Reſpect in ſhow, then e're they did before.
For, prudently obſerving, that the ſhame
Which they in chief deſerv'd, who were to blame,
Was upon all, without diſtinction flung,
(Till, unto thoſe to whom it did belong,

I had

I had confin'd it) not one word was ſpoken
To me, which their diſpleaſure might betoken;
And, ſome good uſe was made, (though I confeſs
Not very much) of what I did expreſs:
And, when, by time, that out of mind was wore,
I, had as little favour as before.
And, ſo I have had alſo, ever ſince;
For, ſtill, ſome at my writings took offence,
And more my wrongs, by one *foe*, *one day*, were
Then all my Friends, could right in twenty year.
I may have hope, the *Commons* before whom
I muſt be try'd, as prudent will become.
The *Priviledge* of WATERFORD affords,
The Freedom of explaining their own *words*
To all her *Citizens*. If my *words* are
Allow'd but that Senſe onely, which they bear
Grammatically, I no more deſire,
So that my *Poem* be preſerv'd intire,
And perfected with my laſt thoughts thereon
According to my mind when 'twas begun.
For, no great credit gain thereby they ſhall
Who weigh a matter, till they hear it all,
And, they will much bewray their ignorances,
Who heed not *Cauſes*, with their Circumſtances.
There was before my *Book*, an *Epigram*
Whereby, I wholly Vindicated am
From that which is pretended; and, I hear
That will not be permitted to appear.
If ſo, I find it, there is miſchief meant
Which I ſhall find a *Medium* to prevent,
Unleſs there be, in ſome an impudence
Much more deſerving blame then my offence.
That *Epigram* did evidently ſhew
My *Book* deſigned for the private view

Of

Of *Clarendon*, (ſuppos'd ſo wiſe and juſt,
That, him, the *King* is pleaſed to intruſt
Ev'n with his *Conſcience*) to receive his Doom
Before, that forth in Publick it ſhould come;
Becauſe, that, I was hopeful it might bring
By means of him, ſome notions to the King
Whereof his Wiſdom, would have made ſome uſe
To further, what ſhall to his Weal conduce;
And, if that *Epigram* concealed be
It both diſhonours him, and injures me.
For, lyable it makes him, to ſuſpect
That, me, in *Ill deſigns*, he doth protect;
The wrong to me is without precedent,
For, e're I had expreſſed what I meant
With my imperfect *Poem*, I was ſeiz'd;
Accus'd of whatſoever others pleas'd,
And here, unto an *ignominious Jail*
Committed am *unheard*, and without *Bail*.
I hope for better uſage, when the *Ring*
Of *ſuff'rings* I have trod, till me it bring
Before my *Judges*: (for what e're is thought)
Their honour, I have not infring'd in ought.
Their charge, againſt me, I, yet know not how
May honeſtly be prov'd; but, this I know,
The *Houſe of Commons* may much honour get
By well approving that which I have writ
(Conſidering, I therein have appeal'd,
To GOD, and men) if, it be not conceal'd.
From open view, and mulcts upon me laid
For mentioning in *private*, what was ſaid,
In publick by the *People*; who, thereby
And, therein, are concern'd as much as I;
Becauſe, my purpoſe, in that *Poem*, tends
To *common good*, without ſiniſter ends.

And, if we to our ſelves, may not relate,
Our thoughts in *words*, and them Communicate
To *Peers* intruſted by the *Supream Power*,
(For Preſervation of their peace and our)
We are in danger, ſhortly, to become
The verieſt *ſlaves* throughout all Chriſtendom.
But, (as I ſaid in that which was ſurpriz'd)
The *Prudent Commons*, will be ſo advis'd
When they with ſeriouſneſs, have that peruſed
Whereby, they are ſuppos'd by me abuſed,
That, finding none reproved ſave onely thoſe,
Who them in their *debatings* did oppoſe;
And, that they likewiſe (after next *October*,
Who were half mad in *June*) wiſe, and grown ſober,
Will mend their former *manners*, and become
As helpful, as they have been troubleſome;
Both *Parties* then, will, peradventure be
Thenceforth, as fully, reconcil'd to me
As I to all men am; and, what was not
Ill-meant, ſhall be *well taken*, or forgot.
If, it be ſo; It will a *Symptome* prove
Of an abatement, if not of remove,
Of ſome oppreſſions, to prepare the way
For what's reſerv'd, untill another day.
But, to what end is this *Apologie?*
Not meerly, from this place wherein I lie,
To free my Perſon; or, from that, which may
To me befall upon my *Tryal-day*.
No; thoſe effects, muſt from an abler ſpirit
Proceed: All I can ſay, or do, or merit,
To add a contribution thereunto,
So, little, will to ſuch a purpoſe do,
That, rather, provoke more my Foes, I ſhall
And deeper, into their diſpleaſure fall:

For,

For, 'tis not pleading in the fitteſt Seaſon
A *Righteous Cauſe*, with Arguments Reaſon;
Nor is it our *well-doing*; or our *ſaying*
The *Truth*; nor *Preaching*; nor *unto them, Praying*;
Nor our *long-ſuffrings*; nor (when paſt they are)
Good ſervices to them, how great ſo e'r e,
That ſo much moves, as *Flattery, making Friends*,
Large Gifts, and ſerving of their preſent ends.
I, therefore, have but an *occaſion* took
Thereby, to mention ſomewhat, yet unſpoke
A Nobler Cauſe concerning then mine own,
(And whereon, *Words* will better be beſtown)
Wholly to GOD committing the ſucceſs
Make that, the chief aim of what I expreſs.
For, hearing what is done, (by *common Fame*)
And partly knowing, that, oblig'd I am
Not by my *Nat'ral faculties* alone,
On me conferred for that end, (or none)
But, alſo, by my *Chriſtianity*,
(And, not a little, by a *Moral-Tie*)
To *ſpeak*, and *write*, and do the beſt I may,
To bring them who are out, into their way;
And, Ile expreſs, what e're to that effect
I do believe may tend; without reſpect
To Perſons of a high or low degree;
Or, any Powers on Earth, who e're they be.
Councills and *Parliaments*, and Soveraign *Kings*,
I do acknowledge to be Sacred things,
Whoſe Reputation, whilſt (at leaſt) they are
In being, ought with conſcientious care
To be preſerv'd; becauſe on them depends,
That, which to publick woe or welfare tends.
Yet, He, from whom all Powers their Being had,
And they, for whoſe ſakes onely they were made

Ought so to be preferr'd, that, nought be wav'd
Whereby their dues, and honours, may be sav'd.
We have oft seen and felt, in our own times,
That, they of such *Confusions*, and such *Crimes*
Hath been the cause at least in letting in
Much more destructive Plagues, then all the Sin
Of Privare Persons; and, that which we know
Was heretofore, may be *hereafter so*.
Yea, may and will, in every Age grow worse
Unless there be provision of some course
To regulate them; and, a *free confession*
(To Persons qualified with discretion)
To mind them of their duties, who have dar'd
When they to *Publick places* were prefer'd,
Imploy those *Priviledges* as their own
Which were for *Publick services* bestown;
And, often do abuse them, to the wrong
Of them, to whom of right, they do belong.
'Tis now high time, that Earthly Kings & Judges,
Should wiser grow; and use their *Peiviledges*,
To better purposes then heretofore:
For, his great *Kingdom*, now is at the door,
Which will destroy those *Empires* that begun
In NIMROD, and through various forms did run
Until the *Tyrannies*, beginning than
Shall have an end in that *Misterious-man*,
Who, by the *Dragon*, *Scarlet-Whore* and BEAST,
(Though mystically) truly is expreſt.
Then, shall those Tyrannies, and Usurpations
Whereby he, long time, hath oppreſt the Nations,
And therewith, every *Branch* that sprung therefrom,
Unto an everlasting Ruine come;
Though some of them are seemingly *Besainted*,
And with fair shewes of *Holiness* Bepainted.

For,

For, I believe (although it doth appear
To few men, yet) *Divine Records* declare
Aſwell the *Term* of NIMROD'S *Emperies*
As of *Myſterious Babels* Tyrannies,
Whoſe time, *Six hundred ſixty ſix* is known
To *number out*: and, which muſt be ov'rthrown
With that, from whence it ſprung, when ripe 'tis grown.
That, to be *All in all*, GOD, may be known.
And (as I've oft inferr'd) they, who belong
To that *new Empire*, which will then grow ſtrong,
Shall no way need their Perſons, to ingage
By *violent Actings*; but, to bear the rage
Of their oppoſers with a patient heart;
For, *ſuffring* onely, will be their chief part.
And, he who in the *Aſſyrian* hoaſt did ſmite
Fourſcore five thouſand Perſons, in one night,
Shall by the Pow'r and vertue of his Word
Perform that work, without their hand or ſword.
The CUP of *Fornication*, ſo bewitches
With love of *Pleaſures*, Honours, and of *Riches*
The *great men of the Earth*, that, they think none
Are *ſober men*, unleſs they dote upon
Thoſe *Vanities*, and proſecute thoſe *Ends*
To which, their *Policy* and *Power* tends,
Until they grow as mad or drunk as they;
And, then perhaps, for *wiſe men*, paſs they may.
As *David* ſayes, *They will not underſtand*;
They will not heed what GOD hath now in hand;
But, obſtinately ſtill adhere to thoſe
Who, tempt them on, unto their ov'rthrowes,
Till Ruine comes: For, they are not aware
How cheated by thoſe *Mountebanks* they are;
Nor how thoſe *Paraſites* increaſe their *ſtore*,
Ev'n to *exceſs*, by making of them poor:

Nor

Nor heed they, how, theſe cauſe them to deſtroy
Thoſe men, by whom they *ſafety* might enjoy
With *Love* and *Honour*, if they did not lend
Their Ears to thoſe, who no Good-men befren'd.
They ſhut their *Eyes*, and therefore cannot ſee
Into what dangers they approaching be;
And, thoſe as much they hate who croſs their *will*
To ſave them, as if they did come to kill.
That, which they call, the *Reaſon of the State*,
Too far inſiſted on, is often that
Which proves the bane of Kingdoms; & yet ſtill
Either *falſe Prophets*, *Prieſts*, or their *ſelf-will*
Therewith beſots them; though they have bin told,
What thereon hath enſu'd in times of old
When, Princes, GOD's directions had deſpis'd;
And acted that, which their own hearts devis'd
Although they by experiments had ſeen,
What, of their *Policies*, the fruits have been.
Theſe were of old examples: *Saul*, thereby
Deprived was of Life and Soveraignty.
King *Solomon*, by ſomething like that Knack
(To pleaſe his Wives) in honour ſuff'red Wrack.
So, *Jeroboam*, though, GOd promis'd him,
And to his ſeed, a laſting Diadem,
By that *State-policy*, whereby he ſought
To keep the *Throne*, the loſs thereof was wrought.
Jehu, regardleſs of GOD's promiſes
The ſame courſe following, had the like ſucceſs.
High places, *Altars*, *Groves*, and *Prieſts* of *Baal*
Were chief occaſions of King *Ahabs* fall,
The bringing of the *Gods* of *Edom* home,
In hope that they a ſtrengthning might become
Unto his *Kingdom*, was the overthrow
Of *Amaziah*, and of many moe.

State-Policy, made *Judah's* King contemn
The *Prophets* Counsel, when *Jerusalem*
Was first destroyed, and the Jews inslaved (saved;
Who, might then, from that Bondage have been
And, they who truly sought their preservation
Reputed were (as now) *Foes* to their Nation,
Disloyal to their *King*, seiz'd as supitious,
And punished as Factious or Seditious.
State-Policy, caus'd breaking of that *Oath*
For which GOD was with *Zedekiah* wroth,
And punished in such a *Signal wise*
That he lost both his *Kingdom* and his *Eyes:*
And, Politick enlarging of Possessions
Or *Power*, by loading *Nations* with *Oppressions*,
To further *State-Designs* (until it wracks
Their Loyalties, and then their patience *cracks*)
Hath been, and will be, in all times, and Nations,
The cause of Wars, *Rebellions*, desolations
And changing *Governments:* But, now ere long
When *human Policy*, hath made most strong
The MISTRIS of Terrestrial *Potentates*,
By Counsel, Strength, and by Confederates,
Combin'd as they intend (and when their *might*
Hath raised *Expectation* to the height)
Then; *She*, and *They*, shall be unto each other
A mutual Plague, and be destroy'd together,
With ev'ry *Person*, *Family*, and *Nation*,
Which is a Member of that Corporation:
And then, those PEDLERS who are now so jolly,
Shall, packing up the Tokens of their folly
Run to seek out where they their heads may hide,
From that, whereby, they shall be terrifi'd.
Let him, that hath an ear to hear this, hear it;
Let proud men tremble; Let the *mighty fear it*;

And

And let the Meek rejoyce; For, GOD will turn
Their Sorrows into Gladneſs, who now Mourn.

It is not only, now, of much behoof,
But, neceſſary too, that *ſharp Reproof*
Advice and *Admonition*, ſhould be given
To all *Eſtates* and *Princes* under Heaven,
Yea, and particularly be apply'd
By ſome, and in ſome caſes, when aſide
They from the *way of ſafety*, ſtray ſo far
That, to apparant danger, nigh they are;
(How ere they take it, or what ever ſhall
Thereby, to their *Premonsters* befall)
Becauſe, by *States*, if wickedly inclin'd,
The greateſt Plagues do fall upon mankind.

This made *Elia's* to become ſo bold
When *Ahab*, of his wickedneſs he told
Unto his face; and when, to like intent,
A *Writing*, he to King *Jehoram* ſent.
This, to reprove King *Aſa*, without dread,
The SEER *Hanani* encouraged.
This, made the Prophet *Samuel* ſo to School
King *Saul*, that in effect, he call'd him *Fool*;
And, *John the Baptiſt*, ſpeak as plainly too,
Of *Herod*, as now they term'd *Quakers* do
To ſome with us: This, alſo, did induce
King *David*, who obſerved the abuſe
Of *Courts* and *Councils*, to cry out on them
To this effect; *how long! will ye condemn*
The poor and Innocent? how long! oppreſs
The man, afflicted, and the Fatherleſs?
How long! will ye unrighteouſly neglect
The cauſe that's juſt, for perſonal reſpect?
Do Juſtice, and vouchſafe compaſſion more
Hereafter, then ye have done heretofore;

For,

For, (if it be not) to you, be it known
You walk in darkneſs; you have overthrown
The worlds Foundations; wilfully inforce,
All things to move out of their proper courſe;
And, that, though GOD himſelf hath call'd you Gods
A difference making (with no little odds)
Twixt you and common men, yet, die you ſhall
Like them; yea, die ſuch Death's, as did befall
To wicked Princes, who, unto their place
Went down, with greateſt horror and diſgrace.

Although ſuch *rough Reproofs* on ſilken Ears
Grate harſhly, and are thought by *Flatterers*
To ſound like *Blaſphemy*: This in old times
The Language was, in which great *Princes* crimes
Rebuked were; This was the uſual mode,
Till *ſlaviſh men*, fear'd *mortals* more then GOD.
Thus, *David* ſpake unto the *Congregations*
Of mighty men; Thus, through all Generations
To them ſhould Truth be told, as need requir'd,
By thoſe who, to that purpoſe are inſpir'd:
Republicks, *Kings*, and *Councils*, *Objects* are
Of ſuch Reproofs, and ſo reproved were,
And, how inrag'd ſoever they are grown
GOD, will be *King*; his pleaſure hee'l make known
By whom ſoever he pleaſes, that their crimes
May now, as well as in *preceding times*
Reproved be; For, *States* and *private men*
Are every whit as guilty, now, as then.
The ſame at this time, or, the like *Omiſſions*,
The like *Exorbitanees*, and *Oppreſſions*
In this our Generation may be found;
And more and more, are likely to abound
If not prevented: for, the things we ſhould:
We neither do, nor ſuffer thoſe who would,

And, if we can but force men to profeſſe
As we do, though againſt their *Conſciences*,
We think we have ſecur'd them to our ſide;
Whereas, when ſuch mens Truths come to be try'd,
Who are for fear, or for advantage won
To act what is againſt their *Conſcience* done,
(They, being both to GOD, and *Men* unjuſt)
In them, there's of all other, the leaſt truſt:
For, how long? or to whom? or unto what
Will they be true, who *Conſcience* violate?
Doubtleſs, without a ſpeedy Reformation,
It wholly, will corrupt this *Generation*,
Fit us for nothing, but, for what is Evil,
And, to be ſerviceable to the Devil.
As therefore 'tis unfit that ev'ry one
Should *States*, reprove, 'tis as unfit that none
Perform that *Work*, and brutiſh, to conceive
That, GOD, the *Worlds* laſt and worſt Age, ſhould
Without *Premonitors*; or, that the dayes (leave
Moſt wicked grown, requir'd not ſtranger wayes
Of *Admonition*, then have been in uſe
When, of GOD's *Grace* there was much leſs abuſe:
For, *Providence*, that nothing doth omit
Which, either *Work* or *Seaſon*, may befit,
(Although, but little heed thereof be took)
Hath lately, to this Generation ſpoke
By many *Prodigies*: Each *Element*
Hath very plainly Preached GOD's intent:
Yea, many *Diſpenſations*, which to us
Seem to be *wicked*, or *ridiculous*,
Have ſomewhat in them, which relates unto
That, which we *have done*, or elſe *ought to do*.
Or have *Omitted*; or elſe to be *Signs*
Of that, whereto this *later Age* declines:

And,

And, that ſuch things as thoſe, in theſe *laſt Ages*
Should be, we have *Authentical Preſages*.
But, *Viſions*, *Revelations*, *Propheſies*
Or ſuch like, now, the *common-voice* decries
As at an end: which I, confeſſe, is true
As they concern revealing Doctrines new
To *ſaving Faith* relating: yet, of that,
Which may concern the *Temporarie State*
Of CHRIST'S *Church Militant*, or his *Elect*
In *Actings* or in *Suff'rings* to direct;
Or, of *unfolding Propheſies* to them,
Which were ſeal'd up, till an appointed time,
GOD, hath vouchſaf'd in ſeaſon, *Revelations*
As need required in all Generations,
By whom he pleas'd; and frequently, by ſuch
As, by the world, were not eſteemed much.
Some think, that nothing meriteth regard
Save what by *Ancient Prophets*, was declar'd,
Who were immediately inſpir'd from Heaven,
By ſpecial Warrant and Commiſſion given.
Be not deceiv'd; the ſame *Commiſſion*, ſtill,
Is extant with us, under hand and Seal,
In Execution to be put, by all
Whom, for time being, GOD ſhall pleaſe to call
To be his *Prophets*; who, aſwell may now
As heretofore, be called from the *Plow*,
From *Herds*, *Fruitgathering*, *Fiſhing*, from a Trade
Which, in the World ſmall reputation had,
Or (as when Chriſtianity began)
From being an extorting *Publican*;
This, may believed be; for, what is elſe
The meaning of that *Scripture* which foretells
Their *Sons* and *Daughters* in the later times,
Should *Propheſie*? That, *old men* ſhould have *Dreams*,

And *young men Visions?* Mind too (if forgot
It be) and know it, if you know it not,
That every one, who hath an Intereſt
In CHRIST, is now, *King*, *Prophet* and a *Prieſt*,
(Anointed, at renewing of his Birth,
To do him ſervices here upon Earth;
And ſtands oblig'd, as he occaſion ſees
To execute all theſe three *Offices*
According to the meaſure of GOD's Grace
Beſtown, and in his proper *Time* and *Place*;
And, theſe impower'd by his *Commiſſions* are
To *Parliaments*, and *Councils* to declare,
(At leaſt in general terms) what may prevent
Diſhonouring God, or *common Detriment*;
And be *Remembrancers*, of ſuch like things,
As need requires, unto the greateſt *Kings*.
Kings, alſo, ſhould have ſtill attending them
Such SEERS, as to *David* in old time
The Prophet *Nathan* was. But, in the ſtead
Of ſuch, *Baffoons*, or *Jeſters* do ſuccced,
In *Princes Courts*; by whom, they ſometimes are
Inform'd of uſeleſs truths, by way of Jeer;
And, other while, perhaps, a formaliſt,
So far as it with Courtſhip may conſiſt,
Will mind them of ſuch duties as they ſee
By them perform'd; but, ſuch as wholly be
Neglected, and by whoſe neglect they may
Be quite deſtroy'd, they, not a word will ſay.
On many *Kings*; their lies a heavy charge;
Their *Kingdoms* are both Populous and large;
There, likewiſe, are ſo many thouſand caſes
Which do concern their *Perſons*, or their *places*
Or other men; and ſuch a few there are
To repreſent them to a Royal Ear

And,

And, likewiſe of thoſe few, there are ſo few
Who repreſent unto them what is true,
That, whilſt a freedom is allow'd to none
To ſhew them what's deſtructively miſdone,
Or, what is fam'd; All their *Prerogatives*
May not ſecure their Honours and their lives:
Eſpecially, at ſuch a time as this
Wherein GOD ſearcheth after what's amiſſe;
And, hath already, both begun to caſt
Into his fiery Furnace, and to blaſt
All *Humane Wiſdom*, *Pow'r* and *Righteouſneſs*
(Yea all, wherein their confidence men place)
That, they may know, all *Evils* do from them
Proceed, and all things, that are good, from him.
Moreover, that, which long ſince was fogetold,
Some of this *Generation* ſhall behold,
In *differing States*, and with as *different Paſſions*
According to their differing Inclinations;
And by the *Men*, and *means* the world deſpiſes,
In ſpight of all that *Humane wit* deviſes
It ſhall be brought to paſs; And, they who did
Defend the nobleſt *Cauſe*, then, beſt ſhall ſpeed.
Oblig'd, for theſe reſpects, is ev'ry one
To do, what in his place is to be done,
That GOD's Will, ſo far forth as Power is given,
May here be done on *Earth*, as 'tis in *Heaven*:
A ſafe condition, they are alwayes in
Who truſt not in their merits; hate their Sin;
And their endeavours labour to improve
In Faith, and Meekneſs, Patience, Hope and Love;
That this may be effected, whatſoever
It coſts them, in purſuing that endeavour.
For, Priviledges of the *Humane Nature*,
More Sacred are then thoſe of any *Creature*

Beneath

Beneath the GODHEAD; and, to all *Mankind*
He is a *Traytor*, who hath ought design'd.
Against that *Interest*; and therefore, I
Vow, in defence thereof, to live and die.
In order thereunto, I now employ,
The Faculty and Talent I enjoy,
Which, GOD hath made proportionable to
The *works*, and *men*, with whom I have to do.
That, which I suffer for, on this Account
Was done; By GOD's *Commission* I have done't.
If truth I write, I am no whit to blame,
If it be false, I an Impostor am;
And, let the *Commons*, when that next they meet,
Deal with me for it, as GOD shall permit.
I have discharg'd my *Conscience*: And, if me,
He will not save, I, saved will not be;
Nor will I, in this *Cause* plead one word more,
Then, this, and what I've written heretofore.
I know the World; *she also knows* her own
And, we shall both ere long be better known:
Mean while, this my Imprisonment to me
Will my *Teipsum nosce*, prove to be.
This also, and what's formerly expresst
Of me, and of this Age, will be a TEST.
Now, Ile retire unto my self, and sing
To GOD, be glory; and *God save the King.*

They, who are wise will observe these things; and shall understand the Loving kindness of the LORD. Psal. 104.43.

Ano-

Another Meditation in *Newgate*, ſomewhat alluding to this old verſe in *Seneca*,

Nunquam non Poteſt, eſſe Virtuti locus.

Which implies, that no *Place*, or *Time* can diſadvantage an *Honeſt-man*.

THere's diff'rence in the ſelf ſame *Times* and *Places*,
As GOD conferreth, or withdraws his *Graces*;
Or, as our *Cauſe* is; or, as we ſhall find
Our hearts, to be ought more or leſs inclin'd,
To bring the *Fleſh* into a due ſubjection,
Unto the *Spirits* Dictates and direction.
For, this *Place*, I perceive to be the ſame
To me, which I unto my ſelf, now am,
And, not that, which it is to moſt of them
Who are with me confined at this time.
My *Burthens* (though as great) are made more *light*,
Then theirs are unto them; The day or night,
Are no whit tedious; nor unpleaſing make
My *ſleep*, nor *Cares* renew, when I awake:
But, I as well contented am become,
In all reſpects, as ev'r I was at home;
Although, as well by my *Intelligence*,
I, my Afflictions feel, as by my *Senſe*:
For, ev'n thoſe things, which in themſelves are bitter,
To cure *Diſtempers*, prove not onely fitter,
But ſweeter too, then that which in times paſt
Was more deſir'd, and did moſt pleaſe my taſte.

The

The *want of sleep* here, and of such like things
As *else where*, and at other *Seasons*, brings
Pain to the *Flesh*, and to the *Soul* vexations,
Are either made to me sweet *Recreations*,
Or give *Instruction*, in another mode,
And more effectually, then things abroad.
Last night, as in my Bed I musing lay
How *Time* and *Life*, and all things pass away;
How needlessly our selves we vex and pother,
Destroy, afflict, and persecute each other;
What cost, and pains, and time, we spend to build
That, which will in a little while be spoil'd;
And, how, the quiet of our lives we trouble
About our *structures* of wood, straw and stubble;
Which, when our several *Fiery Tryals* come,
Will into smoke and Ashes, quite consume;
It made me take into consideration
What I had *Built*, and upon what *Foundation*,
That, I my self, might therein be secure
Although my *Works*, the flame should not endure.
And, thereof, having an assurance got
The loss of all my *Works* disturb me not:
For, I, a thousand times more pleas'd am grown
With *his on whom I Build*, then with mine own.
My *Soul* then, (which in her complantings,
Flies like an *Eagle* mounted on her wings
Through wayes, which to no othet can appear)
To various *Objects*, scatter'd here and there,
Her *Flights* directing; at the last descri'd
That *Flame*, whereby the works of men are try'd;
To which, mine *Eye of Contemplation* turning,
To see each single *humane structure* burning,
It was to me, a much more pleasing sight
Then *Bon-fires* on a *Solemn Day* at night

When

When young and old men round them in a Ring
Do ſit and hear a *Fidler* play and ſing; (yielde,
And, 'mongſt all things, which to the Fire then
The *Paper works* which have been lately builded
Did make the greateſt *Blaze*; and to mine eyes
Appear'd to be the beſt *Burnt-ſacrifice*
That had been off'red in this Age by men,
By, at the leaſt, *nine and a half in ton*;
Becauſe, they have a prime occaſion been
Both of our preſent Plagues, and of much Sin:
And, griev'd I was not, that, ſome of mine own
Muſt into that *refining fire* be thrown,
For, though that uſeful they might be ſome way,
Much of them, have (I fear) too much alay.
There are among our *Papers-Edifices*,
Some uſeful, ſanctifi'd, and harmleſs *Peeces*
Which may be helpful to preſerve thoſe *Notions*
Whereby, our *Faith*, our manners and *Devotions*
May be improved, and likewiſe to clear
The *Lanthorn*, which the *ſaving Light* doth bear,
From thoſe *bedaubings*, which the Foggs of *Time*,
And miſts of *Ignorance*, have made ſo dim,
That, many things, it very dubious makes
And doth occaſion manifold miſtakes:
But, they are buried ſo in heaps of traſh,
So choakt, with intermixed Balderdaſh,
And, ſo ſuppreſt by them who hate the *Light*,
(Or, perſecute the *Authors* with deſpight)
That, they are but like here and there a *ſpark*,
Which lies at Bopeep, twinckling in the dark;
And, would be quite quencht, if not oft reviv'd.
By him, from whom, they were at firſt deriv'd.
Yet (like the *Fire* which in a *Wat'ry-Pit*,
Was hid) although ſuch *ſparks* be clouded, yet

They will break forth; and kindled by the blaſt
Of GOD's out-breathings, raiſe a flame at laſt,
That ſhall quite burn up, thoſe *huge Piles* of vain
And Peſtilent contrivements of the Brain. (Tinder
For, they are, and have long time, been the
Of *Pride* and *Luſt*; and *Diſcord*. They, do hinder
The *Publick Peace*; The growth of *Truth* and *Love*
They do obſtruct; All *wickedneſs* promove,
And all *Prophaneſs*; *Ignorance* they cheriſh,
Deſtructive Animoſites they nouriſh:
Yea, have ſo fill'd the world with *Books of lies*,
Patcht up with forged probabilities,
That, 'tis impoſſible the *Time ſucceeding*
Should know the Truth of any thing by reading,
Without a more then common Intellect
Or, ſome Divine Aſſiſtance to direct.
For, they have put on moſt things, ſuch diſguiſes,
That, *Vertues*, hardly can be known from *Vices*,
Or *Truths* from *Hereſies*, or wit from *folly*,
Or things *prophane* diſcern'd from what is holy;
Nor cheating *Sophiſtries*, from ſoundeſt *Reaſon*,
Nor *Right* from *wrong*, nor Loyalty from *Treaſon*;
Nor *Reprobates* from *Saints*; nor *Saints* from *De-*
Nor ſaving Doctrines from deſtroying Evils, (*vils*,
Except ſome help which hath vouchſafed been
From GOD, ſhall much improve the *Light within*.
This notwithſtanding, pleaſed be to know,
(Although there is to them pronounc'd a *Woe*
By whom offences come) it fitting were
That, if an *Evil* be, it ſhould appear:
And, (ſince GOD doth permit it for *Probation*
That good and evil in each Generation
Sholdu manifeſt it ſelf) that by the Crimes
Of others, *men Approv'd* may know the Times,

We

We with a ſanctified heart ſhould heed them (them
And, to thoſe ends improve them when we read
For which they were permitted. Thus, from *Acts*
That *evil are*, the prudent man extracts
Good uſes, as Phyſitians when it needs,
Extracteth Phyſick out of poyſonous Weeds.
Thus far, my *Muſe* before I was aware
Had rambled; But, *Ile caſt the Lure up, here.*
Theſe, & ſuch thoughts as theſe, me waking kept
Whilſt, many Dream'd of other things, and ſlept.
This, of the laſt nights *Muſings*, portion was;
(Which, if you pleaſe, may for a *Viſion* paſſe)
And, when the *morning* came, thus, into words
I put, as much as memory affords.

Newgate, the 27th. day
of the 7. Moneth, 1661.

A *Meditation*, occaſioned by the ſame Priſoners calling to mind, *Jeremies* Prophecie to *Ebed-melech*, the Blackmore, *Jerem.* 39.15.

I Am oblig'd, as much as I am able,
To be to other men as comfortable
As they have been to me; and, though (as *John*
And *Peter* ſaid long ſince) *Gold* I have none
Nor *ſilver*) what I have, I will repay,
And, that, perhaps, may uſeful be ſome way.
What was *Ebed-melech*, but, one of thoſe
Who, *Nationally*, were eſteemed *Foes*,

To GOD, and to his *Church*? which way, can we
By what is writ of him, advantag'd be
More then by other *Common Hiſtories*,
If, from what's mention'd in ſuch *Peopheſies*,
We may not with good warranty, apply
The ſame rewards of *Faith* and *Charity*,
(To ev'ry man in every Generation)
Which was recorded by the *Jewiſh Nation*,
Both to infuſe and warrant, the ſame hope
Which was confirmed to this *Æthiope*?
But, doubtleſly we may; ſince, for our learning
For our direction, comfort and forewarning,
All thoſe things, principally, were ordain'd
Which, in the holy Scriptures are contain'd.
This perſon, repreſents to us, our ſtate
By *nature*, and as men *regenerate*.
The life of *Jeremiah* he preſerved,
Who, elſe, within a *Dungeon* had been ſtarved:
Him, forth out of a *lothſome Pit* he drew,
When, nor *Prince*, *Peer*, or *Prieſt*, nor any *Jew*
To him vouchſafed *mercy*: he, alone,
Did more then any *Iſra'lite* had done,
Although a *Gentile*, and a Courtier too,
Who, ſeldom, *works of Charity*, will do.
And, this, was ſo accepted of the LORD,
That by the ſelf ſame *Prophet*, he ſent word
(Ev'n whilſt that he detain'd in Priſon was
As I am now) that, when upon the place
Of his abode, the *dreadful doom* foretold
Inflicted was, he ſhould the ſame behold;
And, that, to him, on their deſtruction day
His life, ſhould be vouchſafed, for a prey.
This *Signal Mercy* to my mind was brought,
In this *place*, pertinently, (as I thought)

Why,

Why, from this *Patern* therefore, may not I
Who, for declaring *truth*, impriſon'd lie,
Shew forth that mercy which I have receiv'd
And whereby, I am hitherto repriev'd
From what to me, might probably have been
As bad, as that which *Jeremy* was in?
For, *Age* and *Poverty*, in ſuch a place,
Might quickly have deſtroy'd one in my caſe.
My *Soul*, for this *Compaſſion*, praiſe thou *him*
Who hath vouchſafed it; and bleſſe thou *them*
My gracious GOD, who were the Inſtruments
In that, which my deſtruction here prevents:
Although, they of a forraign Nation are not
They, Neighbours, Kinſmen, or Familiars were not
But all of them (except a very few)
Such, as untill of late, I neither knew
In *Perſon*, or by *name*; ſome of them be
In judgement alſo, differing from me
In ſome points; which, infallibly doth prove
Their *Faith* is true, and perfected by *Love*.
Their *Charity*. (This I dare boldly ſay)
GOD, will reward, upon their *Tryal day*;
And, in thoſe future dreadful *Viſitations*
Which, likely are, to come upon theſe *Nations*
Preſerve their lives, to ſee them, who oppreſſe,
Receive their portions with the *mercileſs*.
As ſure, as I yet live, it will be thus;
Or, they, at leaſt, when *Chriſt* calls them, with us,
Before his *Judgement-throne*; repaid will be
What they have here vouchſafed unto me;
For, *mercy*, though extended to a *Beaſt*
(Much more to man) with ſome reward is bleſt,
And, though I were a more unworthy wretch
Then was by *Nature*, that *Ebed-melech*,

Yet,

Yet, forasmuch, as me they have received
As one of *Christs* Disciples, and relieved,
(What er'e I am) he, *Charity* regards,
And, they, accordingly shall have rewards.

Newgate, Sept. 26. 1661.

An *Antidote* against Fear, composed upon the *Citizens* being unexpectedly in Arms, *Sept.* 28. 1661. at night.

GOD, keep all safe *abroad*; I'm in my *Bed*,
And, see no danger yet, or cause of dread.
Emanuel my Protector is become,
He, keeps all *Pannick-fears* out of this *Roome*,
And, though the *Devil* and my *Foes* together
Confederated, they can bring none hither.
Here's nought, that any way doth me disease,
Unless, it be a few poor *starveling Fleas*,
Which, I perceive are more afraid of me,
Then cause I have of them afraid to be:
For, if I do but shrugg, where it doth itch,
They skip into a hole, and there they couch.
No Thief, I think, to rob me dares appear,
Within these Walls, the *Gallowes* are so near;
And, likewise, I believe, 'tis known full well,
I've nought to *lose*, nor ought for them to *steal*.
I no *Back-biters* had, since to this *house*
I my *Commitment* had, except, *one Louse*
Which now is dead, (not having left behind
A *son* or *daughter*, that I yet can find)

And,

And, though I were aſſaulted with a ſcore
(As here, ſome are oft-times with many more)
I am aſſur'd, my *Landreſs* hath a gift
To rid them; and it is a cleanly ſhift.

I do ſuſpect, that, thus it doth not fare
With all men, who rejoyce that I am here;
But, that, although they ſpeak big words and grin,
They have more fears without them, or within;
And, that, ſome thouſands who yet walk the ſtreet
With more, and with worſe miſadventures meet:
For, *Terrors* are abroad, and ev'ry where
It doth in *Language*, or in *looks* appear.
I, juſt now, hear a ſound like to *Alarms*;
Drums beating, and the clattering of Arms;
I (as they paſs along, hear Souldiers voyces,
Words of *Command*, and *Military Noiſes*,
Which, by the time, and darkneſs of the night,
Doth many of the Neighbour-hood affright,
And makes me think (although I cannot tell
What is amiſs) that, all things go not well.

What ſhould the matter be? I hope, the men
Whom we ſaw *dead*, are not *alive agen*;
For, though I live yet, (and live longer may)
I did expect to riſe, aſſoon as they.
Moſt hoped, they, er'e now ſhould have been free,
From that, wherewith diſturbed they ſtill be;
But, many ſee, here's dayly an increaſe
Of what, may more infringe the *Common-peace*.
The *Citizens*, I hear, ſtrict watch do keep
This night, in Arms: I hope, were they aſleep
We ſhould be ſafe; and that, this will hereafter
Yield much leſs cauſe of *ſorrow*, then of *laughter*:
For, all our *Factions* are now of each other
So fearful, that they'l hardly come together,

Unleſs

Unleſs affrighted in the dark they are,
And fall foul on each other, unaware. (pleas'd)
Men might (if there withall they could be
Of pains and coſt and troubles, be much eas'd,
(With much more ſafety, and more, honour too)
Yet, make no *night Alarms* as now they do.
He, that's a pious, and an honeſt liver, (Quiver,
Needs not the *Mores* Bow, nor the *Parthians*
Nor, to be ſingly, much leſs double garded:
For, *Innocence* is by it ſelf, well warded;
And, when ſhe's moſt maliciouſly ſurrounded,
Then, ſooneſt, her *Oppreſſors* are confounded.
Of all the *Foes*, that are, or ever were,
There's none ſo bad, or [illegible]gerons as *Fear*:
For, it not onely many a man *diſtreſſes*,
When *Plenty*, *Power*, and *Honour*, he poſſeſſes,
(And all the pleaſures of his life deſtroys,
Whilſt ev'ry thing he ſeemingly enjoyes)
But, makes Plagues alſo, which will never come
To be a greater torment unto ſome,
Then they are, or, then they can be, if all
Whereof they are afraid, ſhould them befall.
Moreover, it is ſuch a foe as none
Can eaſily eſcape when ſeiz'd upon.
Nor *Power* nor *Policy*, nor *Walls of Braſſe*
To keep it out, can ſtrengthen any place;
Nor Fleſh and Blood, by *Stratagem*, or *Ginn*
Expell it can, when it hath broken in.
Were all the *Wealth* and *Weapons* in the *Land*,
And all the *People*, at one Mans *Command*,
They could not fortifie his heart from fears;
For, *Terrours* will creep in ev'n at the ears,
And paſſage make through ev'ry other *Sence*,
In ſpight of all reſiſtance and defence.

That

That *Fear* is ſuch a *Terrour*, I well know
For I have felt it, though I do not now,
Save, as a *natural paſſion*; which, if well
We moderate, is, what a *Sentinel*
Is to an *Army*; and by *Fleſh and Blood*,
Though, poſſibly, it cannot be withſtood,
(Eſpecially, when by a *wilful Sin*,
Againſt *Good Conſcience* acted, it breaks in
And growes inraged) yet, by *Grace* we may
Subdue it; And, this, is the only way.

Take *Fear* and *Love*, well tempered together,
(As much, as may ſufficient be of either)
Fire quencheth *Fire*; The *oil of Scorpions*, heals,
The *Scorpions ſting*; and, if, of all things elſe
You would be fearleſs, you muſt fear GOD, ſo
As man ought; Do, as to be done unto
You would expect, and to that *Fear*, add *Love*;
For, *Love* expelleth ev'ry other *Fear*
(If placed on right Objects, and ſincere)
Plucks up all *Vices*, and plants in their places
Habitual *Vertues*, and Celeſtial *Graces*.
The *Love of* GOD, with *Filial Fear* begins,
And with a deteſtation of all ſins.
The knowledge of our *Natural Eſtate*,
In us, Deſires to cure it will Create.
The Love of GOD in *Chriſt*, then, being known,
(And, what, when we incurable were grown
He hath done for us) will more Love beget
If we no falſe ſuggeſtions do admit;
That *Love*, will alſo, dayly ſtronger grow
If we GOD's nature truly learn to know.
And, not as *Eve* did, him ſuſpect of Evil;
Aſcribe to him, what's proper to the *Devil*;

Suſpect the *Promiſes* which he doth give us ;
Nor think that he intendeth to deceive us.
For, if we love him, we will then believe him,
In all his Attributes due Glory give him.
We then will *do*, and not diſputing ſtand,
Of that which he forbids, or doth command.
Nor fear, nor ſtagger, from that Reſolution
(Who ever countermands their execution)
But, love him ſo, as having underſtood
That all his *Works*, and his *Commands* are good :
So love him, that, we love his whole Creation,
Nought hating, but what's his abomination.
We will not then permit *Humane Tradition*
With his *known will*, to ſtand in competition ;
Lay bonds on them, whom he from *Bondage* frees ;
Charge him, with *Ordinances* and *Decrees*
Which he did never make ; but forged were
By him, who, layes for ev'ry Soul a ſnare ;
Or, by his *Inſtruments*, whoſe Merchandizes
And Pomp, are much advanc'd by thoſe deviſes :
We will not, when he graciouſly invites,
To penitence, reject him with deſpights,
And, foes implacable, to them appear
Who zealous of their Weal and Safety are.

Theſe are the *Well-ſprings* of thoſe many errors
Diſtractions, miſeries, and Pannick Terrours
Which are among us. That, which chiefly here
Begetteth *troubles* and augmenteth *fear*,
Is, want of ſuch a *Fear*, and ſuch a *Love*,
As may become effectual to improve
Thoſe *Judgements* & theſe *Mercies*, which our eyes
Have ſeen; & whereby, (though we ſee GOD tryes
Theſe *Nations* to this day) nor *Prince*, nor *Peer*
Nor *Prieſt* nor *People*, doth as yet appear

So

So mindful as they ought to be of that
Which, was, *for*, or *againſt* them, done of late:
Nor ſee I any *Fruit* which thence proceeds,
Save Thorns & Brambles, Thiſtles, tares or weeds.
But, they who ſtop their Ears and ſhut their Eyes,
Againſt thoſe *Wonders* and thoſe *Prodigies*,
Which have been lately ſent to ſtartle them
From that *ſecurity*, wherein they Dream;
And they who are not much diſpleas'd alone
With *Publication* of what God hath done,
But, alſo with his *Word*; ſhall *ſee* and hear,
Thoſe things, ere long, with trembling & with fear,
Which will not be concealed; but, befall
So openly, as to be known to all.
Theſe, have the cauſes been, that *Chriſtendom*
Is lately, an *Acheldama* become;
For, theſe are thoſe things, which advance the
Of *Antichriſt*, and make way for the *Turks*. (works
Let us repent therefore, whilſt we have ſpace,
Leſt *Fields of Blood*, be turned to *Golgotha's*.
Let us, in this our Viſitation day
Give ear unto GOD's *Voice*, whilſt yet we may;
Not like Bruit Beaſts purſuing one another,
But, linking faſt in Charity together,
Be reconcil'd to GOD, with *Loving-awe*:
For, that ſums up the *Goſpel*, and the *Law*.
Do this, and if of ought you fearful be,
Let all, that you can fear, fall upon me.

A short *Excuse*, rendering some Reasons why this *Prisoner* makes no Adresses for his *Release*, to great Persons for their Favour in his *Cause*.

I Am inform'd, by men of good report,
That, there are Noble *Persʃnages* in *Court*
Who hate *Injustice*, and, are of their Tribe,
Who love not baseness, flattery, or a Bribe;
And, that, should I my self to these Adresse,
I might perhaps obtain a quick release.
'Tis possible; But, I may much indanger
Their *Quiet*; and, am now grown such a stranger
To *Courtship*, that I cannot *Complement*,
Or, act effectually, to that intent;
Nor think it prudence (were I mov'd that way)
To seek a Needle, in a Trusse of Hay.
'Tis not my *Principle* (though other while
I have been over-ruled, to beguile
My understanding) that course to endeavour;
And, having found it unsucesful ever
Resolve now (be it for my gain or loss)
To signifie my *Cause*, to them in grosse,
In *open Courts*, to whom it doth belong,
To be my Judges of what's right or wrong:
For, if impartially, they will not hear
My cause at large, and do me Justice there,
I will not be oblig'd to any one
To do for *private ends*, what should be done,
For *Justice-sake*; because, where one man shall
Be so corrupt, it may corrupt them all;

And

And in each *Case*, by turns, for unjust ends,
They may Bribe one another for their Friends,
As heretofore they did, and, as they may
Hereafter, whatsoever I do or say.
Not much esteem of any thing I make,
Which other men, can either give or take.
Nor *Safety*, *Wealth*, or *Honour* pleaseth me
But that which will inseparable be
From me; and which I may attain unto,
And, also keep, whether men will or no.
Vertue's the Fountain whence true honour springs;
Not *Popes*, *Grand Segniors*, *Emperors* or *Kings*,
For, what they give to make men Honourable,
To me appears to be so despicable (it
That, though most men, do their chief darling, make
If they would give it me, I would not take it:
What, is there likely for me to be done,
By those, who such-like Baubles dote upon?
I, never hitherto, a kindness had
By any *Friend*, which I my self have made;
But, by such onely, as God had inclin'd
(Without a by-respect in any kind)
To do me *Justice*, or to shew compassion,
Mov'd by their own Heroick inclination:
And, to that end, GOD, often heretofore,
Hath from among *meer strangers*, rais'd me more
True Friends at need, my cause to undertake,
Then I deserved, or had pow'r to make;
And, as it me contented much the better
So, thereby, was their honour made the greater.
Most seek the Judge; but, I believe his word,
Who said, *The Judgement cometh from the LORD*;
And, unto me, it seems an indirect
Aspersion, or a Symptom of *suspect*,

A *Judge*

A *Judge*, in private to preoccupate,
And, him by *Friends*, or *Gifts* to captivate;
For, in great *Counsels*, men should nothing do
In love to *Friends*, or hatred to a Foe.

I have observed, that, *Judicial Courts*
Whether they be of good or bad reports,
(Or, whether, what is actually there done,
Seem just, or to the wrong of any one)
Are guided by a *Spirit*, which directs
To what is alwayes *Righteous*, in respects
Unto GOD's *Justice*, though perhaps it may
A Humane Righteousnes infringe some way;
Or, though they, to whom Judgement is refer'd,
Through *Ignorance*, or *Wickednes*, have err'd.

He therefore, make no *Friend*, nor fear a *Foe*,
But, when the COMMONS call me I will go
To hear their *Charge*, for which I have begun
To suffer, er'e 'tis known what I have done;
That, least I *break* or *die* before the time
In which I must make payment for my crime,
(If crime it prove) they, rather, overweight
May lay; then, that, which is a Dram too light;
For, punishments are usually well paid,
Though other debts till *Dooms Day* are delay'd:
And, *Innocence*, is oft pursued further
Upon suspect, then real *Theft* or *Murther*.

In that, for which unheard, some precondemn
My *Person* hither; I, TO GOD and *them*
Whom it may most concern, *Appeals* have made
Whereon, I ought a *Tryal* to have had
Before I suff'red. My Appeal prefer'd
To GOD, hath betwixt *him*, and *me*, been heard
Within his *Court of Conscience in my heart*;
And, there am quit of what may on his part

Be

Be brought againſt me for what I have writ.
He ſees it, though the world concealeth it;
And, read it muſt be by the *Commons* too,
Ev'n quite throughout (if Juſtice they will do)
Before they cenſure it; Needleſs it were,
If juſt and conſcientious men they are,
To Court them to their Duties; and ſo ſtrong
No Charm of mine can be, whereby a wrong
May be prevented, if to take that ill
They be reſolv'd, which flowed from *Good-will*.
At all aduenture, wholly to the *Laws*,
And to their *Conſcience*, Ile refer my *Cauſe*;
Alleage for my defence, what I can ſay,
And bear that, which will follow, as I may.

A Compoſure, for his private Refreſhment made by the ſame Priſoner, upon conſidering the ſad outward Condition of his Deareſt Relations in the Fleſh: after which is added the Narrative of a ſudden diſtemper thereupon enſuing.

MY *Contemplation*, ev'ry hour ſo travells,
In new purſuits, and into all things Ravells
With ſo much reſtleſneſs, as if ſhe ment
The whole world in a Mapp to repreſent.
One while ſhe maketh inrodes on my *Foes*,
To bring me ſome Intelligence from thoſe;
That, I conſid'ring what they go about
Their malice, may the better weather-out.

Ano-

Another while, to me she represents,
What mischiefes, troubles, fear and discontents
There are abroad; that, I may thereby see
How, they are troubled, who have troubled me;
How 'twixt the two shoars, *Pharohs* Army reels;
How, GOD hath taken off their Charret Wheels
How, he obdures the Insolent and proud;
How dreadfully, he looks out of the Cloud
Which he hath placed, betwixt them and those,
Whom they pursue to their own overthrowes.
Sometime, she brings to my consideration
GOD's Love, and inexpressible compassion,
Who, in an extraordinary wise,
Not onely hath vouchsafed me supplies
By those who to my Person strangers are,
But also, with such love and tender care
Of my *safe-being*, that I may of them
(As *Christ* did, when his *kindred* ask'd for him)
Say, *These my kindred are; These, are my Mothers;*
These, are my real Sisters and my Brothers.
My Dear'st *Relations in the Flesh, among*
Those Friends, this day, appeared in the throng
To be consider'd; and, I must confess
My Bowels yern'd, to think on their distresse,
And, mov'd with pitty, it compel'd my *Muse*,
To clothe in *words*, that, which now next ensues.

I.

All *suff'rings*, that have tended
To my probation, here,
Cannot be comprehended
In what my words declare;
For, though to help expression
I have a *knowing sense*,

The

The ſum of my *Condition*
Cannot be gathered thence.

II.

In *Pleaſures*, and in *Sorrows*,
I have had no ſmall ſhare;
Sad *Nights*, and joyful *Morrowes*,
My Portion often were;
That, which with Joy affects me,
Is far above the *Skie*,
And, that, which yet afflicts me
As deep as *Hell* doth lie.

III.

My near'ſt, and dear'ſt *Relations*,
Unmention'd though they be,
Among my *Meditations*,
Are not forgot by me.
For, though I would not mind them,
My heart, them ſo retains,
That, there, I ſtill ſhall find them,
As long as life remains.

IV.

Leſt that might have miſcarry'd
Which, to neglect I fear'd,
Like one, quite dead and buried,
I have to them appear'd:
And by my late employments,
Deſpairful they are made,
Of me, and thoſe enjoyments
Which elſe, they might have had.

V.

Reciprocal *Indearments*,
Are by my troubles croſt;
The means of their *Preferments*
With my Eſtate are loſt.
Theſe times, have quite bereft them
Of that which gave content,
And, in their power nought left them,
New *miſchiefes* to prevent.

VI.

My *Bloſſoms* are quite wither'd,
My *Leaves* are much decay'd;
My *Fruits*, by thoſe are gather'd,
Who nothing for them paid;
I, from whom (when they need them)
They ſhould ſupplies have had,
Have neither *Fruits* to feed them,
Nor *boughes* to give them ſhade.

VII.

We could, when we were troubled,
Each others hearts have eas'd;
Converſe, our pleaſures doubled,
When we with ought were pleas'd;
Such Comforts, now to give them,
Companion they have none,
But, they (what ere doth grieve them)
Muſt ſit, and grieve alone.

VIII.

In Mercy, LORD, look on them,
And pitty their Eſtate;

The *wrongs* that I have done them,
Proceeded not from *hate*;
I did, what I conceived
Doth to thy *work* belong,
But, that's thereby bereaved,
Which is to them a wrong.

IX.

Thereof, be therefore heedful,
Them, favour not the leſs,
Supply with all things needful,
In this their great diſtreſſe;
And, when thou me ſhalt gather
Out of this *Land of life*,
Be thou my Childrens *Father*,
A *Husband* to my Wife.

X.

When I with them muſt never
Speak more, by *Tongue* or *Pen*,
And, they be barr'd for ever,
To ſee my face agen.
Thy *Loving kindneſs* ſhow them,
Loſt comforts to receive,
Inſtead of what I owe them,
And pay not whilſt I live.

XI.

Let all my former failings,
Through frailties, in time paſt,
And, what may cauſe bewailings,
Quite out of thought be caſt;
And, onely recordation
Of thoſe things be expreſt,

Whereby their consolation
May dayly be increast.

XII.

Preserve them from each *Folly*,
Which ripening into *Sin*,
Makes *Root* and *Branch* unholy,
And brings destruction in.
Let not this *World* bewitch them,
With her *besotting Wine*,
But, let thy *Grace* inrich them,
With *Faith*, and *Love Divine*.

XIII.

And, whilst we live together
Let us, upon thee call;
Help to prepare each other,
For what, may yet befall;
So just, so faithful hearted,
So constant let us be,
That, when we here are parted
We may all meet in thee.

This being writ, and once or twice sung over,
My *Reason*, did sufficient strength recover
Those *Passions* to repell, which did begin
Upon my heart at that time to break in:
But, ere they were alay'd, an Accident
Fell out, which that good issue did prevent;
I have so much of common *Manliness*,
(Which might more profit me if it were less)
That, all the frailties of the *Humane Creature*
(Co-incident since my depraved Nature)
Still so attend me, that do what I can
I fall into distemper, now and then; And

And ere that day was wholly overpaſt,
I, by a ſudden accident was caſt
Into a *Paſſion*, which did give occaſion
Of this enſuing ſad *Ejaculation*.

LORD, help me now; aſſiſt me now, to bear
That, unexpected brunt of Hope *and* Fear,
To which I on a ſuddain am expos'd,
(Whilſt other miſchiefes have me round inclos'd)
For, great and many, though my troubles be
They, hitherto have not diſtemper'd me.
But, now I feel my Conſtancy *to ſhake,*
My Fleſh *to tremble, my ſad heart ſo ake,*
That, if thou doſt not ſpeedily apply
A Cordial, *I may droop, and faint, and die.* (you!
My Treacherous Fleſh *and* Blood, *how falſe are*
To me, and to your own ſelves, how untrue!
How quickly to revolt do you begin!
How cowardly have you my Foe *let in*
At his firſt ſummons? *how have you conſpir'd*
To give him that advantage he deſir'd?
And whilſt I for your ſafety did prepare
Joyn to ſurprize me ere I was aware?
LORD, let them not prevail; but, help me rally
My ſcattered Forces, *and to make a ſally*
On thoſe who my weak Citadel *beſet:*
For they have ſeiz'd but on my Out-works *yet,*
And, if but over me, thou pleaſe to hover,
(Though at a diſtance) I ſhall ſoon recover.
Therefore, at this Aſſault, *for me appear;*
From me, this Black Cloud, *by thy preſence, clear;*
Renew my courage in this day of trouble;
Increaſe my Faith, *my former* Hope *redouble;*
And let thy Spirit *teach me ſo to pray,*
That what I ſhall requeſt, obtain I may.

Be likewiſe pleas'd the chatterings of the Swallow,
And mournings of the Turtle, *ſo to hallow;*
That thoſe things which we now expreſſ'd by me,
May be both acceptable unto thee,
And unto thoſe who hear them not in vain,
Though to my private ſuff'rings *they pertain:*
For peradventure, that which me oretakes
Hath partly been permitted for their ſakes;
That they, by heeding what on them at length
May fall, might by my weakneſs gather ſtrength;
For, what is in it ſelf a ſingle Trouble,
By circumſtances, may be ſometimes double.

My beſt Friends peradventure, now will wonder
How, I am thus, as with a clap of thunder,
Struck ſuddenly; and my Foes, with a ſcoff
Will Jeer, to ſee me ſo ſoon taken off
From my late courage and high Reſolution,
(Whilſt I was putting it in Execution,)
When they ſhall know, that, but concerns my *Wife*,
Which breaks through all the comforts of my life,
And thus diſorders me: But, when they hear me
Ev'n ſome of them, who at the firſt will Jeer me,
(If they have any *Manhood* left in them)
Shall me of no ſuch levity condemn,
As yet they may, when all the circumſtances
I have declar'd to cure their ignorances:
For, one of GOD's choice *Prophets*, had a Tryal
Not much unlike this, of his *ſelf-denial*,
When he (as I do) in his Generation,
Bore witneſs of their great abomination:
Which (if ought more) had little more effect,
Then I may, at this preſent day, expect.
He (whilſt GOD's work he follow'd) to the heart,
Was pierced (through his Wife) with ſorrows dart.

She

She (as the holy Scripture teſtifies)
Was unto him, as precious as his eyes,
The comfort of his life, and far more dear
(As I believe) then all things tranſcient were.
And peradventure he had grieved more
Then yet I do, had not the day before (too,
GOD, both foretold her death, and charg'd him
Not to bewail the Wife he loved ſo.
What, this to me doth intimate, I ſhall
Forbear to tell now; but, if that befall
Which I may fear, it will have an effect,
Whoſe demonſtration, I ſhall not neglect
If ſo long I ſurvive, as to declare
That *Sequell*, for which, it will way prepare. (row)
Mean while (ſince hope hath taken race with ſor-
For ſome few dayes, that little time Ile borrow,
To make it known, how, by a *Pannick dread*
I am at preſent, ſo diſtempered;
And in ſuch ſober Language will declare it,
Without *Hyperboles*, that, if men hear it
With like ſobriety, it will perchance
Their edifying in ſome kind advance.
When, I had finiſhed thoſe Meditations
Laſt mention'd (which concern my dear'ſt Rela-
As to the world) A meſſenger of ſorrow (tions
That very day, (I, looking for, next morrow
My Wives arrival) brought, not newes alone
That *ſuddain ſickneſs*, her had ſeiz'd upon;
But, that, ſhe likewiſe in a Feaver lies,
With which are *complicated Maladies*
Portending death: and Death deſired ſo
That, they about her, can with much ado
Preſerve her life. This newes, as ſoon as told,
Laid inſtantly, upon me ſuch faſt hold,

That,

That, er'e I could into my heart retire
I seemed to be wholly set on fire:
And (being for surprizal, the more fit
By what, that day, for better use was writ)
Instead of that, which might have quencht the same
I snatcht up oil, and threw't into the flame.
So frail I am not (though made of such Mettle
That I am sometime soft and sometime Britle)
As to be shaken meerly with a fear
Of things which ev'ry day expected are;
But, many sad concomitants attended
This *Message*, not till then so apprehended;
For, at that instant every thing prest in
Which might a doleful Tragedy begin,
With such confusion, that, what entred first
I knew not, neither which disturb'd me worst.
So that, I nought could call to mind, but that
Which my *Afflictions*, did more aggravate.
Imprisonment, I felt not till that day,
Wherein I found, that I was kept away,
Where, I to her could no assistance give,
For, whose sake, I did most desire to live;
My *Fancie* represented to my sight
In how disconsolate and sad a plight,
She there was left, dispoil'd of all she had,
Excepting, what might make her heart more sad.
With foes surrounded, not one to befriend her,
Not servants in that weakness to attend her,
No good Physitian living there about,
Scarce any thing within doors, or without,
For food or Physick: for, while she had health
Her courage did supply her want of Wealth,
And all things else, with help, of what from Heaven
Was by his providence in all wants given,

Who

Who hath been my ſupport ; By him alone
She hath in many ſtraits been carryed on,
And all oppreſſions with ſuch courage bore
As if ſhe had been rich by being poor :
Which her deſpightful neighbours heeding well
(And, that ſhe far'd like *trodden Camomel*)
Words unto this effect, were heard to ſpeak
Will not, with all this loſs, her ſtout heart break ?
GOD, was, and ſtill, her helper he will be;
But, for all this, what thanks is due to me?
What help am I who ſhould a help have been,
When ſuch extream Affliction ſhe was in ?
Dear BETTY, how inhumanly oppreſt ?
Art thou ? and oh ! how is my Soul diſtreſt
Now, I here think upon thy high deſart,
And, how diſcomfortably left thou art !
If it might comfort thee, would thou, didſt know
(Elſe not) what tears out of mine eyes do flow :
For, I, from whom the worlds deſpights can ſtrain
Nor ſighs, nor tears, from tears cannot reſtrain.
Woe's me (my *Dear*) my life I would reſign
Might it accepted be, to ranſome thine,
And were at my diſpoſe ; for, cauſe am I
Of that ſad plight, wherein thou now doſt lie ;
Since, what the *world* hath done, is nothing more,
Then thou haſt alwayes look'd for heretofore.
Yet, take it not unkindly; for, to thee
No ill was meant, in what was done by me :
He, (as I thought) to whom my ſelf I owe,
(And, who did thee, and all I had beſtow)
Requir'd the ſervices that brought upon me
That, which to thy undoing, hath undone me ;
And he will either back again reſtore
What's loſt, or give us better things, and more.

This, knowing thou believ'ſt, and doſt confide
In him, hath much my *Paſſion* qualifi'd; (ther,
And makes me hopeful, GOD, will bring thee hi-
Or, me to thee, that, we once more together
May praiſe his *Name*, and live till we can part,
Without the leaſt diſtemp'rature of heart.

Whilſt this hope laſts, leſt notice being taken
That, I with one ſmall *puff of wind* am ſhaken;
Leſt alſo, this begets a fear in ſome,
That I may totally be overcome,
When they perceive, that he, who hath profeſt
So much, hath with ſo little been oppreſt;
And, leſt they alſo may diſcourag'd be,
(If I ſinck under that which lies on me)
I will, for that cauſe, hence occaſion take,
(Aſwell, for *their*, as for *mine*, *and her ſake*)
So plainly, what befals me to expreſſe,
That, no heart which hath any tenderneſs,
Beſeeming men, ſhall think a greater Tryal
Of *humane patience*, in a *ſelf-denial*
Can ever in the Fleſh be undergone,
Then this, which they ſuppoſe a *ſlender one*.
I have a juſt occaſion too, by that
To render her, that *honour in the Gate*,
Which is her due; and whereto I do ſtand
Obliged by King *Lemuels* Command;
And, from what I expreſſe, perhaps, likewiſe,
There may ſome other *good effects* ariſe.

What could the malice of the *Devil* invent,
To make more grievous my *Impriſonment*
Then at this time, wherein (for ought I know)
The laſt, and needful'ſt duty that I owe
Unto my *deareſt Friend*, ought to be paid,
To be unjuſtly in a *Priſon* ſtaid?

Were

Were I detained but from ſuch a one,
As many have, (*a Wife in name alone*)
I ſhould be glad perhaps, I now am here,
Or, though within a far worſe place it were:
But, if I may with modeſty expreſſe,
What I believe, I can affirm no leſs
Then this; *Though many women have done well,*
Mine, with the beſt may be a parallel:
And, ſince my pow'r to nothing elſe extends
Which may, for what ſhe ſuffers make amends,
In *words*, at leaſt, Ile give her what is due
And ſay no more, then I believe is true.
Perhaps, when told, it will ſo far exceed
What is according to the *common Creed*,
That, many will ſuſpect it; But, know this
There is in that man very much amiſſe
Who, of his *conſort*, doth not ſo believe
In ſome degree, as I of mine conceive.
For, if he finds her not a *helpful Wife*,
Either, for this, or for the other Life;
The fault's his own, though ſhe may faulty prove;
And he ingratefully requites GOD's Love.
GOD gave her not, but, he himſelf acquir'd her,
By ſome ill means; or, for thoſe ends deſir'd her
Which make no *Marriages*, but what are evil,
And, were made by the *World*, Fleſh and the Devil.
Elſe, he would honour *Providence Divine*,
By praiſing of his *Wife* as I do mine.
Or, by confeſſing freely, as he ought,
That, GOD is juſt, in giving what he fought.
Whether mine live or die, let none who hear them
Grudge her theſe praiſes, for her *worth* will bear
(them.

At first, I lov'd her, for his sake that gave her;
Of him, I sought her, and from him I have her,
If she be yet alive, (which I yet hope,
And, that he to my fear will put a stop.)
That, we each other might affect the better,
(And, to be mutual helpers prove the fitter)
As EVE from ADAM, GOD did, as it were,
First, make her out of *me*; then, me by her
He made more perfect; And since *Eve* was made
No man on earth a fitter *helper* had.
If any woman may Charactred be
By *Lemuels* pattern, I think this is she:
For, having oftentimes compared them,
Betwixt them, little difference did seem.
She is a *Prize*, worth ev'ry precious stone
In *India*, were all their worths in One.
My *heart* in her hath trusted so, that yet
I never, since I knew her, felt a fit
Of *Jealousie* or *doubt*, in any kinde,
Which brought the least distemper to my mind.
She, at all times, much *good* to me hath done,
But, *evil*, in her life time, did me none.
With courage, her Affairs she went about
By *Day*; at *Night*, her Candle went not out.
She was among the *last*, who came to bed;
The first, who in the Morning rais'd her head;
And, that no duty might be left undone,
Martha, and *Mary*, she still joyn'd in One.
In all *Domestick Businesse*, she was skil'd,
Both in the *house*, and likewise in the *Field*:
And whilst my time was otherwayes bestown,
Dispatch'd both my affaires, and her own.
She was no Prodigal, nor basely sparing;
All things were done without *vexations caring*;

She

She chid thoſe, who (when chiding was in ſeaſon)
Were to be quickned more with *noiſe*, then *Reaſon*;
And, when to angry words they did provoke,
Her anger ended, when the words were ſpoke;
When, alſo, they were griev'd, who did miſdo,
She pardon'd, and with them, oft, grieved too.
All her Affairs, ſhe managing with Reaſon,
Appointed *work* and *meat*, in their due Seaſon
To ev'ry ſervant; and good notice took
Both of what was *well*, or *Ill done*, or ſpoke.
She feared GOD, and honour gave to them
Who were inveſted with a *Pow'r Supream*;
Her life, ſhe ſquared by GOD's *holy Word*,
According to the *Light* he did afford;
And, had her ſelf ſo exercis'd therein,
That, often ſhe my *Concordance* hath been;
Yea, and in *Humane Hiſtories*, to me
Been in the ſtead of my MNEMŌSYNE.
A better *Woman*, *Miſtris*, *Mother*, *Wife*,
I never ſaw, nor ſhall ſee during life.
Rebecca like, ſhe gave me ſtill to eat
Aſwell moſt ſavory, as wholſom meat;
And, when GOD ſent me food, good care ſhe took,
The *Devil* ſhould not ſend me in a Cook.
To *me*, to *mine*, and our poor neighbourhood,
She, in the ſtead of our *Phyſitian* ſtood;
She, ſtill according to her power was ready
To give what things were needful to the needy;
Who did not wilful *Beggarſhip* profeſſe,
That, they might live in ſorded Idleneſe;
And, purchaſing her own food with her ſweat,
Abhor'd the bread of *Idleneſs* to eat:
She could *ſpeak well*, yet readier was to *hear*;
Exceeding Pleaſant, and yet as *ſevere*

As

As *Cato*. Though *Corporeal Beauties* be
Worn out with Age, ſhe is the ſame to me
She was at firſt, and 'twas no *mean perfection*,
Which, in my Youth, ſurprized my Affection.
This is her *Character*, and in the word
Of *Truth*, this is thereof, a true record.
In her, I did as much contentment find,
As if I had enjoy'd all *Woman-kind*:
For, though a poor mans *Conſort* ſhe hath been,
She had a *ſpirit* might become a *Queen*;
Yet, knowing how to *want* and to *abound*,
Could make it ſtoop ev'n to the very ground;
And, if ſhe die, I ſhall but little care
For any thing ſhe leaves behind her here,
Except her *Children*, and that which relates
To GOD, and to our *Spiritual Eſtates*.
The deprivation of her company
And, of thar joy in her ſociety
Which I have had, is far a greater loſs,
Then, all thoſe many Baubles and that droſſe,
Whereof the world deprives me; or, of them
(Had they heen mine) which others moſt eſteem.
This *ſeperation* is the great'ſt deſpight
That *malice* could have done me at her height;
And might we live, where we might live alone
To talk of that, which GOD for us hath done,
(And means to do) my Joy would be much more
With *competence*, then with the worlds whole ſtore,
Were I depriv'd of her; who, might be here
So neceſſary a *Remembrancer*.

Now, Judge (if you or I, do this believe)
Whether I had not cauſe enough to grieve,
That we were ſo, divided from each other,
Left hopeleſs, we again ſhould meet together.

Though

Though ſuch in ev'ry point, ſhe may not be,
Yet, ſince that ſhe doth ſuch appear to me;
Think, if by fear of looſing ſuch a Prize,
A man who is far ſtronger, and more wiſe,
Might not, when thereby ſuddenly oretaken
As much with like *diſtemp'ratures* be ſhaken:
And, whether (taking to conſideration
The ſenſe I have of ev'ry *Humane Paſſion*)
Ought may befall, as I am *Fleſh and Blood*,
That could more difficultly be withſtood.
But, notwithſtanding what's expreſt, let no man
Suppoſe I have forgot ſhe is a *Woman*.
I am not ſo *Uxorious*, or unwiſe,
To think that ſhe hath no *Infirmities*;
Or, that to any other ſhe doth ſeem
So worthy as ſhe is in my eſteem.
The rough hard ſhells in which rich Pearls do lie,
Shew not their Beauty to a ſtrangers eye.
And *Vertues*, when that they moſt perfect are,
Sometimes, like *faulty Actions* may appear
To lookers on, who have not means to know
How done, nor to *what end*, nor *whence they flow*;
And then eſpecially, when their *Spectators*,
Are *Envious*, or *their Foes*, or *Vertue's* haters.
The mildeſt *Medicine*, ſore eyes, diſeaſes,
A ſickly Stomack wholſom'ſt meat, diſpleaſes;
And ſo the beſt and nobleſt Diſpoſitions,
Are moſt diſlik'd by men of baſe Conditions;
Becauſe their *Vertues*, if they neighbours are,
Do make their *Vices* greater to appear.
Her precions *Balms*, have ſometimes made me
But, I confeſſe, the cauſe was on my part, (ſmart,
If ſhe adminiſtred a bitter pill
In *love*, to make me *well*, when I was *Ill*.

And

And well she might sometimes occasion find,
To give me wholsome Physick of that kind,
By cautions and remembrances apply'd
In season, when my wit was foolish'd:
For, nothing purposely, from her I hid
That, in my life, I *said*, or *thought*, or *did*.
And (that she might, at full, be privy to
My whole Affairs, and all I had to do)
No Letter unto me in absence came,
But leave I gave her to break ope the same.
Which freedom (with such) mutually bestown
Made me to her, and her to me so known,
That, what the outside of my Actions be,
My *Conscience* hardly better knowes then she.
Small use of an *Affection* can be there,
Or proofs of *Friendship*, where no failings are.
There's hardly possibility of living,
With any one, who never needs *forgiving*;
For, he, who in his *Consort* finds no blame,
When he fails, will confounded be with shame.
By these *Expressions*, which have shown in part,
My *Passions*, I have somewhat eas'd my heart.
And, though impertinent, they seem to be
To others, they are pertinent to me,
In shewing me my weakness, and from whom
My helps, in all extremities must come.
My *Passion* is the same; but, this, makes way
For *Reason*, to command, which did obey;
And, this *Divertisment* a stop, brings in
To that, which else, might have destructive been.
Yet, Instrumental, though my *Reason* was
Herein, th' Efficient is *Preventing Grace*:
And therefore, *Him*, from whom this Mercy came,
I, thus Petition to compleat the same.

My

My God! my heart, thou hast now touched nearly!
And dost in that, which I affect most dearly,
Begin to try my Faith; *That* Faith *of mine*
Which (if a true Faith*) was a gift of thine;*
It was by thee, upon my Soul begot:
Into Temptation, therefore lead me not
Beyond my strength; But LORD deliver me
From Evil, *that, I may not foiled be:*
Thy onely Son, *to thee, taught me to pray*
In words to this effect, when any way
I was oppress; Compassion therefore take
On me, (though not for mine) LORD, for his sake;
And me dismisse not, in this sad Condition,
Without a kind reply to my Petition:
For, as Lot *said of* Zoar, *LORD, the* boone
I now request is but a little one;
And, peradventure, should my foes perceive
Thou dost of every comfort him bereave
Who hath desir'd to magnifie thy Name,
It might occasion give them to blaspheme,
Or, make thy servants *to begin to Fear*
That, thou regard'st not how oppress they are.
That Helper, *which thou didst on me bestow,*
(*And, Whose assistance is much needed now*)
Thou seem'st to call upon me to resign,
As one, who must no longer now be mine.
Be not displeased LORD, if I shall say
Thou tak'st the comfort of my life away;
And that, I do expect thou shouldst not leave me
Quite comfortless, if thou of her bereave me.
Why dost thou Dictate to my heart this Prayer,
If thou intend'st, to leave me in despaire?
It cannot be, thou move me shouldst to crave,
That, which thou dost not purpose I should have.

I do depend on thee, and hazarded
Both her, and all that in this world I had
For thy Cause, *if my heart be not untrue:*
Though therefore, nothing is by merit *due,*
Vouchsafe, (if with thy will accord it may)
Her life with health, and for a longer day,
That, we with thankfulness, in praises giving,
May shew thy Mercies *forth, among the* living.
With Tokens of thy favour, *make us glad,*
According to the Troubles *we have had.*
And, make thy other servants *hopeful be*
Of that Salvation, *which thou shew'st to me.*
Make it appear unto this Generation
That, we have the same GOD, the same Salvation
In these our dayes, that was in former times,
As well, as such like Tyrannies *and Crimes.*
Make it appear that thou hast love for us
As well as heretofore for Lazarus;
That, thou, who didst hear Hagar *for a Son,*
And, Hannah's *Prayer, when she beg'd for one,*
Dost not despise my Prayer for the life
Of my beloved and Afflicted Wife;
Or, hast less pitty now then heretofore
Thou hadst of other some, who did deplore
Their dead or dying Friends; and when they mourn'd,
Had them into their bosoms back return'd.
Let it be known to those who do begin
To think, thou art not that which thou hast been,
Because that this Age hath produc'd occasions
To shew thy self in other dispensations.
Though to run back to Egypt, *we are ready;*
As froward, as Rebellious, and as giddy.
As they whom thou brought'st thence; though, every way
As false, as faithless, and as apt as they

To

To ſet up golden Calves : *Though, as were then*
There be among us here, ſuch wicked men
As Jannes, *and as* Jambres, *who reſiſt*
Not Moſes, *but a greater,* JESUS CHRIST;
And, ſtrive by their Inchantments *how to bring*
Us back to bondage, *and ſeduce the King*
By curſed ſorceries ; yet, make it known ;
That, thou in Brittain *doſt a People own :*
That as when Iſrael *was from* Pharoh *ſaved ;*
That, as thou wert with Moſes *and with* David,
And with thy People *who in thraldom were*
At Babel, *thou art preſent with us here.*
(LORD! I beſeech thee mind thou not the leſs
My private ſuit, although my zeal to this
Diverts me from it : for, Ile further yet
Purſue that, though thou me ſhouldſt quite forget)
Apparant make it, that, ſome yet inherit
A Portion of the ſelf ſame pow'rful Spirit
Which fill'd Elias ; *and if need require,*
That thou haſt Prophets, *who can call down Fire,*
Hail, Thunder-bolts, *and other dreadful things*
Upon the Troops and Armies of thoſe Kings
Who Perſecute thy Saints ; *and Heaven conſtrain*
Either to let fall, or withhold the Rain,
As to thy ſervice it ſhall appertain !
For, this, though, hardly yet believ'd of any,
Will ſhortly be made manifeſt to many ;
And thy vouchſafeing this requeſt of mine,
May make it, to this Age, perhaps, a ſigne
That, thou, as heretofore, doſt lend an ear
At need, to every private ſufferer,
As well as unto Publick Grievances,
And, that, when ripen'd are Iniquities

A greater Conqueſt will be got by Words,
Then ever was in any Age, by Swords.
My Dear Redeemer, *if it may be thus,*
Be pleas'd to Mediate this boon for us.
That ſuit, for which this Prayer *was begun*
I will renew, now this digreſſions *done;*
Yet, neither this, nor ought elſe Ile require,
(Though rather then my life, I this deſire)
But, what, with thy Good pleaſure *may conſiſt:*
And, thou haſt nothing openly expreſt
To make me doubtful that may not be done;
For, then, I therein thus far, had not gone.
All, things thou ſeem'ſt to will, accord not to
That, which thou haſt decreed for us to do,
As being abſolutely neceſſary:
For, ſome of them are but Probationary:
Things, by us, rather to be Will'd, *then* done,
As when, to Sacrifice his Onely Son
Thou didſt command thy ſervant Abraham;
And, when that our obedience is the ſame,
With us, it otherwhile, doth ſo ſucceed
That, thou the Will, *acceptеſt for the* Deed;
And, mayſt another Sacrifice, this day
Accept in her ſtead, for whom I now Pray.
This, moveth Duſt and Aſhes, *now, to do,*
What Natural Affection *prompts me to:*
Make her and me, ſo perfectly reſign
Our ſelves, that our Will, *may be one with thine;*
And, Pardon this bold pleading; for, had we
No Will, *which may be ſaid our own to be,*
There could be no obedience. Good *nor* Ill,
Can be, in him, that is not free to Will.
LORD! this my Conſort, *is as dear to me*
As Iſaac *unto* Abraham *could be;*

Yet

Yet, if thou wilt reſume her at this time,
(Although with me thou deal not as with him)
As abſolutely, as he did intend
His Sacrifice; I, her to thee commend.
From thee I had her; up to thee I give her;
I, wholly unto thy diſpoſure leave her;
And, whether thou ſhalt keep, or give her back,
Ile wear it as a Favour, for thy ſake.
And, this is all Ile abſolutely crave,
(Wherein, I know, I my requeſt ſhall have)
If, with thine honour, it may to her good
Conduce, to let her make with me abode
A little longer time, that time allow;
Or elſe with all my heart, reſume her now.
For, ſave to ſerve thee, and our Generation,
According to the end of our Creation,
(And for thy Glory) neither ſhe, nor I
(If I do know her) wiſh to live or die.
If, her appointed labour now be done,
(And I muſt here abide to work alone,)
Take her into thine Arms before ſhe go;
Make her not barely, to believe, but know,
That, this our ſad and ſuddain Separation
Is for thy Glory, and for our Salvation:
(For, from the life and Death of greateſt Kings
But ſeldom ſo much real honour ſprings
To glorifie thy Name, as doth from ſome
Who fill on earth, a deſpicable Roome.)
Give her an earneſt, that ſhe ſhall poſſeſſe
Thy love, in everlaſting happineſs;
And, that, we, whom ſhe leaves afflicted here,
(Continning in our love to thee ſincere)
Shall by the Mediatorſhip of him
Who bought us, meet at thy appointed time,

Where

Where we ſhall never part; where, Tyrannies,
Of others, nor our own Infirmities,
Nor any thing which is to come, *or* paſt,
Deprives, of what for thine, prepar'd thou haſt:
And, if ſhe live, *ſo let our* deeds *expreſſe*
Whilſt here we live, what we in words *profeſſe;*
That others, may, until my dying day
Believe ther's truth, in what I write and ſay.
To that end, keep us pleaſed with our Lot,
Though little, much, *or nothing ſhall be got*
Of what we had; my GOD preſerve us too
From ſtumbling, and from reeling to and fro,
Or ſtagg'rings in our Tryals, *whereby they*
Who are in like Afflictions, ſtagger may:
But, with true Joy, ſo let thy Holy Ghoſt
Repleniſh us, that, (although all be loſt
Belonging to this world) *thy* Saints *may ſee*
That, there is All-ſufficiency *in thee.* (done;

Now, live or die my DEAR, GOD's will be
He fills my heart, and my *Diſtemper's* gone.
Since, GOD hath freed me from this *Carnal Fear*,
Let *World*, and *Devil* henceforth do what they dare.
The greater weights they ſhall upon me lay,
The ſooner, I from them ſhall ſcape away.
If, me, they ſhall into a *Dungeon* throw,
Both dark and deep, that none may come to know
What, I *ſay*, *think* or *do*; yet, what's done there,
By theſe my *Scraps* and *Crums*, it will appear,
Though ſcribled haſtily, yea, help prevent
What, peradventure, is the *Worlds* intent;
And hint, that, though *Cloſe-Priſoner* me they keep,
I ſhall not wholly ſpend my time in ſleep.
For, doubtleſs, to my GOD, there, ſpeak I ſhall
Like *Jonas*, in the Belly of a *Whale*,

And

And (as the Blood of *Abel* did) speake then,
That, which will more prevaile then *Tongue* or *Pen*.

Isaiah 38. *The living, The living (O GOD) shall praise thee as I do this day. (Y E T) Blessed are they who die in the LORD; for they shall rest from their Labours, and their works follow them.* Revel. 14. 13.

Octob. 6. 1661.

Another Spiritual Song composed, by occasion of the last mentioned Distemper.

I.

WHen in the Morn we rise,
Alas! how little think we on,
What through our ears or eyes,
May pierce our hearts, ere that day's gone?
I, did but borrow
From what, next Morrow,
I hop'd to have enjoy'd;
And that, hath quite
The whole delight
Of both dayes, now destroy'd.

II.

My thoughtful heart grew sad,
And represented unto me,
Such things as in the shade
Of Death's approaches use to be:

With

With many a doubt,
(Which *Faith* keeps out)
My *Fancy* fills my head;
And clouds are come,
Which with a *Gloome*
This day, have overſpread:

III.

If, whilſt the *Sun* gives light,
Become ſo dark, ſo ſoon, it may,
How black will be the *Night*
That ſhall enſue ſo dark a day?
My Soul, I ſee
Betray'd wee'l be,
By our own want of care,
To have prepar'd
A dayly guard,
To keep out *carnal Fear*.

IV.

No pow'r was in the *World*
Whereby a *Paſſion* like to this,
On me could have been hurl'd,
Had nought, been in my ſelf amiſſe:
By day or night,
(Be 't black or bright)
The *Devil* hath no power
Which can procure
Diſtemp'rature,
Without ſome fault of our.

V.

How frail a thing is man,
That, *lifeleſs words*, atay'd in white,

This

This Morn affright him can
Who, ſeemed fearleſs yeſter night?
Dread of ill newes,
Too plainly ſhews
That, with us all's not well:
For, if it were
We need not Fear,
Though ſtorm'd by *Death* and *Hell*.

VI.

For, if beneath GOD's Wing
Our ſafe repoſe we ſought to make,
None, ſuch Ill newes could bring,
That, much our Courage it could ſhake:
Of, Plagues that ſmite
By day or night
We need not ſtand in awe
Of poyſonous things,
Of Serpents ſtings,
Nor of the Lyons Pawe.

VII.

Therefore, my *Spirit* rowze
(Our *Foes*, we ſee, are not aſleep)
Let us, no longer drowze,
But, better watch hereafter keep;
Come, Courage take,
And we ſhall make
Theſe *Bugg-bears* take their flight;
For, 'tis our Fear,
No ſtrength of their
That now doth us affright.

VIII.

The *Paſſions* of the mind
Are but the fumes of *Fleſh* and *Blood*,
Which make the *Reaſon* blind,
By miſpreſenting *Ill*, or *Good*.
If, unto theſe,
We cloſly preſſe,
And, wiſtly on them look,
They will appear
Such as they are,
And, paſs away like ſmoke.

IX.

And, yet, my *Soul*, beware
Thou bring not to aſſault theſe *Foes*
Goliah's ſhield or Spear,
Nor in his *Head-piece* truſt repoſe.
No, nor unto
What *Self* can do,
But, take thou *Davids* ſling,
And, what he took
Out of the Brook,
Of *Grace*, among them ſling.

A Meditation *whilſt he was taking a Pipe of* Tobbacco.

THough ſome, perhaps will think the things I do,
Much leſs then *Idleneſs*, amount unto;
Yet,

Yet, to have no *work* troubles me, at leaſt,
As much, as therewith to be overpreſt;
And, then to be quite Idle, I had rather (ther,
Pick ſtrawes, catch *Flies*, or ſhells, and Pebles ga-
Or, (as I ſometimes do) the time to paſs,
Number my ſteps, or tell the panes of glaſs,
And often when a *trifling act* is done,
Make ſome good uſe of that, which promis'd none.
Here, all alone, I by my ſelf have took,
An *Emblem* of my *Self*, a *Pipe of Smoke:*
For, I am but a little piece of *Clay*
Fill'd with a *Smoke* that quickly fumes away.
This *Vanity*, our *Clymat* never knew
Till near the time, in which, firſt breath I drew;
And otherwhile, it is of wholſome uſe
(Though, for the moſt part ſubject to abuſe:)
Since firſt I ſmookt it, after (it came hither)
I laid it by, nigh thirty years together,
And for my healths ſake, then, did reaſſume
That *Bauble* wherewith we *Tobbacco* fume;
(Not hitherto diſabled to forgo it,
If any way offenſive I ſhould know it)
And, that in mind, as well as bodily
I might be ſomeway profited thereby,
Such *Meditations* come into my thought,
As theſe, which now, unto my mind are brought.
Ev'n as this *Pipe* was formed out of *Clay*,
And may be *ſhapeleſs Earth* again this day,
So may I too. So brittle, that one touch
May break it, this is; I, am alſo ſuch.
When it is broke, made whole it cannot be
By Humane Art; ſo will it fare with me
When I to duſt ſhall be reduc'd by Death,
Until reviv'd by an *Eternal Breath*.

This brittle ware, we, oft have ſtrangely ſeen
Preſerv'd from breaking: and ſo I have been.
When foul it growes, it muſt be purifi'd,
By *Fire*; I, in like manner muſt abide
Thoſe *Fiery-Tryals*, which will purge away
That filth which is contracted every day.
Moreover, when therein, this *Herb's* calcin'd,
Such things as theſe, it brings into mind;
That *Cuſtom*, by degrees, prevaileth ſtill,
To draw us, both to what is *Good* and *Ill*;
For, when this cuſtomarily is taken,
It can by very few, be quite forſaken,
Or, heeded, how they turn unto abuſe,
That, which is otherwiſe, of ſome good uſe;
Yea, ſo it them deludes, that oft they think
That, is well ſcented, which doth alway ſtink;
Yet, me it makes, with thankfulneſs to heed,
How, GOD wraps up, a *Bleſſing* in a *Weed:*
And, how (when I have weighed things together)
He makes one *vanity* to cure another;
Turns that to *Good*, which was, perhaps, for *Evil*,
At firſt, ſent in among us, by the *Devil*.
It minds me too, that, as this *Herb* by fire
Muſt be conſum'd, ſo, muſt all our deſire
Of *Earthly things*; and, that wherein we took
Moſt pleaſure, turn to Aſhes and to Smoke.
When I had writ thus much, of what I thought,
My *Candle*, and *Tobbacco* were burnt out.

A Hint, *of that, which may hereafter* (*if not deſpiſed*) *conduce to the Setling of Peace and Concord in* Church *and* State.

This Scrap, *though ſome will not diſgeſt,*
Is caſt in here, among the reſt.

Elia's like, I thought my ſelf alone,
A while ago, and of my mind, knew none:
But, many I now hope, here living be
Who, joyn in one *Faith*, and one *love* with me.
My *Soul*, I long time, ſeemed to poſſeſs,
As when the *Baptiſt* in the Wilderneſs
Was to be Diſciplin'd, and there prepar'd
For, that, which he performed afterward.
As when he Preach'd *Repentance*, in his dayes,
High Prieſts, nor *Lawyers*, *Scribes* nor *Phariſees*,
Nor of the gay *Herodians*, any one
(Nor many, but the *Vulgar ſort* alone)
Regarded it; ſo, likewiſe, I might ſay
Of all my *Premonitions*, to this day;
And may (for ought I know) without regard
Purſue my *Work*, till I have his reward:
If ſo it happen, I am well content
To follow ſuch a holy *Precedent*.

I, am now (as it were) one in exile,
Like *John*, when baniſh'd into *Pathmos Iſle*;
And, to the *ſeven Churches* in theſe *Nations*
As he then, to the *Aſian Congregations*

Had

Had ſomewhat to expreſſe; ſo, I from HIM
(As I believe) who ſent his mind to *them*
By that *Diſciple*, have a needful *Errant*,
To be delivered, by *Authentick Warrant*,
Which, muſt lie Dormant, until them to hear it
GOD, ſhall prepare, and fit me to declare it.
Mean while, I caſt in this *Preoccupation*,
To be a furtherance to that *Preparation*
Whereto GOD's Grace will ripen me, and *Them*
(Hereafter, in his own appointed time;
If nothing that ſhall be Co-incedent
Doth intervene, that purpoſe to prevent)
Thus *Chriſt*, did to a future time adjourn
What, he had then ſpoke, might it have been born;
And, his example doth inſtruct my Reaſon,
To chuſe for every work, a proper Seaſon.
I have a Love for all the whole *Creation*,
Much more, for every Chriſtian Congregation:
I, for each Member of them (whatſoere
Infirmities, I ſee in them appear)
Have ſuch a Love, and ſo inlarged, that
I can with every *Church* Communicate,
In all *Eſſential duties*, though they may
Be ſometimes, much abus'd with an *Allay*:
Becauſe, what me therein offendeth, I,
Without offending others, can paſs by;
And, at another time, in private, ſeek
To make them underſtand what I diſlike;
And, by a meek compliance in what's good,
Bear with a failing, not well underſtood.
Their *Ignorance*, or *miſled Conſciences*,
Give me no cauſe of *Perſonal offences*,
So, they the *Fundamental Truths*, profeſs
Without malicious minds, or wilfulneſs;

Or by approving, or continuing in
Prophanneſs, and committing open Sin.
For, ſince he that knows moſt, knows but in part
And, hath a Cloudy Region in his heart,
They, of my *Pitty*, rather Objects be
Then of my *hate*. They, ſo much hurt not me
As damnifie themſelves: And, I, thereby
Have of my *Meekneſs*, *Faith* and *Charity*,
Thoſe Exerciſes, for which (if I have them
In true ſincerity) GOD, chiefly gave them.
And, which way can they better be employ'd
Then, that a common good may be enjoy'd?
And that we to our Brethren may extend
That mercy, when we think they do offend,
Which GOD's long ſuffering doth vouchſafe to us?
And, ſince he did command it ſhould be thus?

The *Church Catholick*, is a *Corporation*,
Whereof, the ſeveral *Churches* in each *Nation*
Are *Bodies Corporate*, as here we ſee
In LONDON, many *Corporations* be
Members thereof diſtinct, govern'd by *Laws*
Peculiar to themſelves, as they found cauſe
To conſtitute them; yet, unto all theſe
Belong the Cities gen'ral Priviledges;
And every *Individual Perſon*; there,
Conforms unto thoſe *Lawes* which proper are
To this whole *City*; and they live together
In *Peace*, without intruding on each other.
What hinders (but our *Ignorance*, *Ambition*,
Our *Avarice*, and Love to *Superſtition*,)
That, *Chriſtian Congregations* may not thus
Be form'd, and regulated ſo with us,
That, we may live henceforward in true *Peace*,
Morality and *Piety* increaſe?

Prophanneſs be ſuppreſt? and, no more, here,
Affairs *Divine*, and Civil interfere?
What hinders this, but, want of that true *Love*
And *meekneſs*, which our knowledge might improve?
And, whence flowes *Diſcord*, but from intermedling
With what concerns us not? fooling, and Fidling
About thoſe things impertinent, which, whether
Their tendance be to *this*, or *that*, or *neither*
'Tis not material, ſo, that may not be
Infringed, which to all, ought to be free?
That Peace may be preſerv'd; men kept in awe
From violating of the *morall Law*,
And, GOD permitted to poſſeſſe alone
The *Conſcience* as (on earth) his Proper *Throne*?
For, he from none, will an account receive,
According to what other men *believe*,
Or ſhall *command*; but, anſwerable to
What he commands us to believe and do,
According to the *Light* he ſhall afford,
By his aſſiſting *Spirit*, and his *Word*:
And, therefore, they, who, out of *ſlaviſh Fear*,
Of thoſe who peaceably inclined are,
Force *Innocents*, to any *hard Condition*
(Thereby to free themſelves from their *Suſpition*
Which is incurable) are Tyrannous,
And foes to GOD, unto *themſelves*, and *us*.

In my late *Tryal*, I have had a ſhake,
But, it hath deeper driven in the ſtake;
And hath, I hope vouchſafed by that FIT,
An *earneſt*, he ſo faſt will ſettle it;
That, all the Tempeſts which in future dayes
The *World*, the *Fleſh* and *Devil* have pow'r to raiſe,
Shall more increaſe my courage; and, by mine
Some other, to the like Reſolves incline.

GOD,

GOD, give us Grace, with ſeriouſneſs to heed
Theſe things in time, with what elſe may ſucceed,
There is a *way*, how that may yet be done
Which hitherto, is little thought upon;
And, thereof, in what is expreſſed here,
A *Hint*, if well obſerved, may appear.

A Hymn of Thankſgiving *to Almighty GOD; compos'd by this* Priſoner, *for the gracious reſtoration of his* Wives *life and health; who, lying mortally ſick (as was ſuppoſed) at 52. miles diſtance during his Impriſonment, in a ſad diſconſolate condition, and reputed to be dead, about the ſpace of an hour, was miraculouſly reſtored.*

To the Tune of the 148. Pſalm.

I.

HOw ſoon, my gracious GOD,
Haſt thou my Prayer heard?
How juſt, how kind, how Good,
Haſt thou to me appear'd?
Bleſt, be this *Day*:
For, what did fright my heart laſt night,
Thou doſt allay:
The *Clouds*, that made, this *Morning* ſad,
Are blown away.

II.

As when his moan to thee
The good *Centurian* made,
Though I unworthy be,
Like favour I have had
Vouchſaf'd to me;
Nay little leſs, in my diſtreſs
Receiv'd I have,
Then *She*, whoſe *Son*, and onely one,
Was near his grave.

III.

At leaſt, I, ſo much Grace
Of thee, this day have had,
As daign'd to *Jairus* was
Whoſe Daughter thou foundſt dead,
Upon her Bed:
For, when my Wife, depriv'd of life
Had long time laine,
Thou, heeding there, our Prayers here
Gav'ſt life again.

IV.

Thus ſhe, who firſt was thine
(And ſo ſhall alwayes be)
Hath now, been twice made mine,
And, is enjoy'd by me;
For which, to thee
A double praiſe, LORD, all my dayes,
I ought to give;
Aſſiſt I pray, this due to pay
Whilſt here I live.

And

V.

And, let all, who now hear
What, thou for me hast done,
Help me thy praise declare;
For, not to me alone
Extends this boone;
This Act of Grace, vouchsafed was
That, they thereby
Might at their need, know where to speed
As well as I.

VI.

LORD, I have nought to give
For all thou hast bestown,
But, what I did receive
And was, and is thine own;
Oh! now therefore
This Sacrifice, do not despise
For, I am poor;
Therewith, I shall give *self* and *all*,
Who can give more?

A Penitential Hymn, composed by occasion of a Dream *the* 19th. *of* Octob. 1661. *about Midnight.*

I.

MY GOD, thou didst awake me,
This night out of a sad and fearful *Dream*,

 That,

That, ſenſible did make me
Of *Sins*, which heretofore ſmall Sins did ſeem;
And, ere I perfect heed could take,
Whether I ſlept, or was awake,
He, that is watching ev'ry hour,
Whom he may miſchief, and devour,
Sought, how he might thereby advantage make:
Rebuke him, for my Dear Redeemer's ſake.

II.

Permit thou no *Tranſgreſſion*,
Whereof, I heretofore have guilty been,
Nor great, nor ſmall *Omiſſion*,
Which I forgotten have, or overſeen,
(Either through want of penitence
Or of confeſſing my offence)
To riſe againſt me, great or ſmall;
For, LORD, I do repent them all:
And, likewiſe, (be it more or leſs)
Renounce all truſt, in my own *Righteouſneſs*.

III.

As *Job* complain'd, ſuch *Viſions*
To me ſeem'd repreſented this laſt night
Of my *failings*, and *Omiſſions*
That, ſleeping, they did much my heart affright;
Me thought a *Spirit* paſſed by
Not to be ſeen with mortal eye;
And, I was minded by a *Voice*
(That, ſpake unto me without noiſe)
Of things preceding, which (then quite forgot)
So, as I ought to do, I heeded not.

Oh

IV.

Oh God! moſt kind, moſt holy,
Remember not the errours of my life;
Call not to minde my folly
To add a *new Affliction*, to my *Grief*.
World, *Fleſh* and *Devil*, my foes are,
And, much more then my ſtrength
On me, they have already caſt, (can bear
Unleſs, that thou compaſſion haſt;
Oh! throw my ſins out of thy ſight therefore,
That, they may not be ſeen, or heard of more.

V.

My Soul doth now abhor them,
Thine *onely Son*, hath with his precious blood
Made ſatisfaction for them;
Thou, didſt accept it; I believe it good: (make
And, therefore, though they ſomtimes
My heart to tremble and to ake,
My Soul is confident they pard'ned are
As if they ne're committed were;
Confirm it ſo, that, ſleeping and awake
Sweet reſt in thee, I may for ever take.

VI.

Dear GOD, of my Salvation,
Preſerve me by thy Love and mighty Pow'r
From perilous *Temptation*,
In Weal, in Woe, and at my dying hour:
Me, let thy *Gardian Angels* keep
When I do wake, and while I ſleep,
From ſhame without, and fear within;
From evil thoughts, and Actual Sin,

That,

That, Friends and Foes and every one may ſee,
No man in vain, doth put their truſt in thee.

A Requiem to the Soul.

I.

MY *Soul*, vex not thy ſelf at thoſe,
Who, to all *Godlineſs* are Foes,
Although they make fair outward ſhowes,
And ſpread and flouriſh like the *Bay*;
For, deplorable is their caſe,
They, as the ſcorched Summer Graſſe,
Shall ſoon into oblivion paſſe,
And all their Beauty fade away.

II.

I have been young, and old am grown
And, many *changes* I have known,
Whereby, it hath to me been ſhown
Whereto, their wicked courſes tend:
With *Honour* I have ſeen them Crown'd,
With *Pow'r* and *Riches* to abound,
Whoſe *Place* no where can now be found;
For, all their *Pomp* is at an end.

III.

With *ſhadows* they themſelves beguile,
And, GOd, doth at their folly ſmile;
With patience therefore wait a while,
And, grudge them not their *Portion*, here;
Deſtruction, toward them is haſting,
Their *Time* is ſhort, and dayly waſting,

But,

But, thine will be for *everlasting*,
And, Griefs, as if they never were.

IV.

Employ thy self in *doing well*,
And, GOD, with thee shall kindly deal;
Thou, in the *Land* shalt safely dwell,
Well fed and clothed, all thy dayes.
And when the Glory of their Name
Is blur'd out, with an *evil Fame*,
Then, shall thy *Poverty* and *shame*
Be mention'd unto thy praise.

V.

Let wordlings feed upon their *Chaff*,
Their *Cups* of *Fornication* quaff,
And at thy sufferings grin and laugh;
A midst thy Foes lie down and sleep.
Whilst in their malice, they persist,
In GOD's Protection take thy rest,
For, though thy *Body* be oppress't
Thee, safe, in spight of them, he'l keep.

He, whosoever he be, that speaks this Charm,
Unto his Soul *in Faith, shall have no harm*;
Therefore, as a Receipt approved, take it:
For, for my self alone, I did not make it.

A Meditation *upon the many* Prodigies *and* Apparitions, *which are mentioned by Publick writing, or common Fame.*

VVE are inform'd, by queſtionleſs *Preſages*
(Vouchſafed to inſtruct ſucceeding *Ages*)
That *warnings* of *Chriſt's* coming, ſhould be given
By *ſigns* and *wonders* manifeſt from Heaven:
And, we have ſeen, in *Hiſtories* recorded,
That, *Providence*, in all times hath afforded,
Some *Premotions* of thoſe Deſolations
Which fell on *Perſons*, *Places*, *States* and *Nations*,
Before they came: For, our moſt gracious GOD,
(As doth a *loving Father*) ſhewes the *Rod*
Before he whips, that he thereby may fright
To *Penitence*, ere he begins to ſmite;
And, frequently, prevail, if that means may,
Us to reclaim, he flings the *Rod* away:
Which kind *Indulgence*, is in theſe times, more
Inlarged then, it hath been heretofore.
New *Prodigies*, we hear of ev'ry day,
And, likewiſe hear, how they are puſt away
As but meer *Fictions*. If we find them ſo,
This, juſtly, thereupon inferr I do,
That, more preſumptuous we in theſe times are
Then ever any other People were:
For, very much corruption it implies
To be in thoſe who make and publiſh *Lyes*.
If there be Truth, in any of thoſe *Viſions*,
Or Extraordinary *Apparitions*,

Which

Which are affirm'd; 'Tis no leſs wicked daring,
So to affront GOD's viſible appearing
In *Signs* and *Wonders*, as, both to contemn,
And ſeek by all means, how to ſmother them:
But, it is worſt of all, to publiſh *Lyes*
Of purpoſe, to diſcredit *Verities*,
As if we meant, to do the moſt we can
To try the *Patience* both of GOD, and *Man*.
If, we believe the things that are aver'd;
Why of GOD's *Judgements*, are we not afeard?
And, either ſeek to pacifie his *Wrath*,
Or, magnfie his *Mercy*, who, ſo hath
Forewarn'd, of what is likely to enſue,
That, we his *Indignation* may eſchew?
If we ſuſpect, what publickly is told,
Why do not they, who are in *Pow'r* (and ſhould)
Search out the Truth, that, by due puniſhment,
They ſuch like *Provocations* may prevent?
For, out of queſtion, to connive at *Lyes*,
Or ſmother *Truths*, worſe things preſignifies,
Then all the *Apparitions*, that have been
Theſe twenty years, in this our *Climate* ſeen;
(Though nothing doubted of) and will go nigh
At laſt, to turn all *Truths* into a *Lye*.
I muſt confeſs, that, though unto my Ears
There have been brought within theſe twenty years
So many ſtrange Reports, of *ſights* and *Voices*,
Earthquakes and *Thunders*, dreadful *Storms* & *noiſes*;
Of *Ebbs* and *Tides*, of Suns, and Moons, and Stars,
And Armies in the Clouds, portending Wars,
With ſuch like, as would have perhaps, amounted
Unto a hundred, if I them had counted;
Not one of thoſe I ſaw: yet, ſo unjuſt
I am not, as thoſe good men to diſtruſt

Who have aver'd them: for, though *Prodigies*
And such *miraculous Appearances*,
Are daign'd in chief, to *Infidels*, and those
Who in God's word, no confidence repose;
Yet, they are likewise, otherwhile, reveal'd
To true *Believers*, lest, they be conceal'd
From those whom they concern; or lest, by them
Quite slieghted, who, the *Works* of GOD, contemn;
They, also their own welfare so neglect
That, they be totally without effect.
On trust, I therefore take them: for, if we
Confirmed by their *Witness* may not be,
Whose *Conversations* are to us well known;
How, can we any *Affirmations* own
For *Truths*, Historically writ, by those
Whose *Conversation*, no man living knowes?
For, my part I have with my *carnal Eyes*,
And, otherwise, beheld such Prodigies
In *Words* and *Deeds*, that, although none of that
Were true, which I hear other men relate,
I (at the least Mysteriously) discover
All those old *Miracles*, new acted over,
In my time, which in *Pharaohs* days were wrought,
When *Israel* out of servitude was brought;
And, many a such like wonderful proceed,
As we recorded in the *Scriptures* read.
I've seen th' *Inchanter's* (yea, and *Aarons*) *Rod*,
Turn'd into *Serpents*; *Waters* into blood.
I have seen *Froggs* sent, and remov'd again,
And, yet, we as hard hearted still remain.
I have observed, (at least once or twice)
Our *Dust*, to be transformed into *Lice*.
Plagues, which resembled *Locusts*, *Flies*, and *Hail*,
Yet not a jot upon our hearts, prevail.

The *People*, ev'n as *Murrains* do our Beasts,
A *Sin that's Epidemical*, infests;
And, so with *Blaines* and Byles we smitten be,
That, in a moral sense, meer *Scabs* we be.
Ægyptian Darkness too, hath here, among
Our other *Plagues*, continu'd very long,
With likelihood to be as grosse, as there,
Unless, the *Sun of Righteousness* appear;
Yea, I have seen our *First-born* also slain,
Yet, still, we in obduracy remain.

I, therefore, wonder not, if *private Visions*,
Prodigeous sights, and *Dreadful Apparitions*,
(Discern'd but here & there) have nought effected,
Since, things more *Signal*, are so much neglected.
Where, *Moses* and the *Prophets* are not heard,
One from the *Dead*, will find but small regard.
In vain are *Dumb-shewes*, where, a *speaking sign*
Can to no heedfulness, mens hearts incline.
When CHRIST's own *Words*, will not with credit
In vain, will be the *speakings of an Asse*: (pass,
Yet, speak must, when GOD shall his tongue untie;
And, whatsoere succeedeth, *so will I*.

A Riddle *for Recreation, not impertinent to this Place.*

INto a *Park*, I lately came,
Wherein are many herds of *Game*,
Whereof the Keepers take no care,
And yet, they in abundance are.

They are a *Cattle* of ſtrange Breed
Which, on no *Browſe*, nor *Graſſe* do feed;
Are *Found*, before that they are *ſought*;
Aſwell in *ſleep*, as *waking* caught:
So ſilently, they *hunted* are
That, neither *Hound* not *Horn* we hear
When chatc't: They, are the onely things,
Left free for *Beggars* and for Kings
To Hunt at will: and, all that we
Aſſur'd of by our Charters be.
What *Park* is this? What *Game* are theſe?
Tell me, and Hunt there, when you pleaſe.

A Proclamation *made by this Priſoner, with the adviſe of his Privy Counſel, the* Muſes.

OH Yee's, *Oh Yee's, Oh Yee's:* if any man
In *Country*, *Court* or *City* tell me can
Where my laſt *Poem* call'd *Vox Vulgi* lies,
(Seiz'd lately in my Chamber by ſurprize)
On penalty, of what elſe follow may,
Let him produce it, e're my *Tryal* day;
(Which, yet, I am not certain, *when*, or *where*
It will be, neither do I greatly care.)
He, who to me, the ſame will timely bring,
Shall be rewarded: So, GOD *Save the King.*

Given, *this* 17th. of the 8th. *Month*, 1661.
At my Head Quarters in Newgate, *which is, at preſent, all the places of abode upon earth, which the* Prince *of this World and his* Prelacie *have left me.*

Geo. Wither.

A Concluding Epigram.

WIth these *Cards*, I, an *After-game* have (play'd,
But, there's *one Card*, by shuffling, so mis-
That, now my *fore-game's* lost; yet, if I may (laid,
Just *Dealing* find, *Fair Gamesters*, and *Fair-play*,
What ever happens, I no question make
But, I at last, may thereby save my *stake*;
And, when the *Sett* is ended, win much more
Then ere I got by *Play*, or *Work* before.
If any good *Effects*, hereby ensue,
A Thanks to GOD, is for my *Troubles* due:
For, had he not made way to send me hither, (ther.
These *Fragments*, had not thus been scrap'd toge-
Those *Papers*, which are hitherto suppress,
Shall that occasion, which will manifest
(At last) a more effectual operation
Then, if they might have had free Publication.
If, also, God, me, here shall exercise
With greater *Tryals*, better *Fruits* then these
They will produce: Therefore, they shall to me
Be *welcome*, *when*, or whatsoere they be.
Yet, for the sakes of other men, well pleas'd
I should be, from my *Troubles* to be eas'd;
Because, until mine shall have some redresse,
Their suff'rings, are not likely to be lesse.
LORD, therefore, if thou please, make it a sign,
Their Troubles will soon end, by ending mine.
I, thereof, am a little hopeful made,
By some *foretokens*, which I newly had,

Three

Three *likely signs* thereof, he daigned hath;
For, my *Beloved Consort*, he from death,
Was pleas'd to raise (ev'n whilst within this place
I have remain'd, exposed to *disgrace*
And *Poverty*) he, for my *Children* too,
Whilst this was writing, hath provided so
That, without *Portions*, to their good content,
They *married* are, without *disparagement*;
All parties, Christian confidence professing
Of their dependance on GOD's future blessing.
He, in the presence, and amidst my Foes,
Hath spread my *Table*; and, such bounty showes,
That, these are nothing, but the *Scraps* and *Crums*
Of that *Supply*, which, dayly, from him comes.

Appello DEUM, REGEM, POPULUM, PARLIAMENTUM.

I do, appeal, to judge of my intent,
To GOD, *King*, *People*, and the *Parliament*:
For, one of these, I'm sure, my Friend will be,
And, I hope well, of all the other three;
But, they know not my heart, so well as he.

A Post-script to the Readers.

THese *Pieces*, being communicated to several Persons in writing, were sent back to me imprinted; by what Printer I know not. Two or three large *Cantles*, are thrown in among them; which, though you would have disliked, in respect of their Quantity, I should have made no shorter; for, I could with more contentment have lengthned

lengthned them. So much was neceſſary to exerciſe my own *ſpirit*, and ſtrengthen my *Faith* and *Patience*, during the *preſſures* which lie upon me. Therefore, if they begin to ſeem tedious, give over the peruſal: For, they were intended to be communicated to thoſe onely, who were voluntarily deſirous of them, to whom I beſeech GOD to ſanctifie them in the reading. They were diſtill'd out of me, by that *Fiery-tryal*, which will extend to many other before it be ended, and which will evidence that they are no counterfeit or *Sophiſtical Extractions*, though they may ſeem trivial to ſome, becauſe they relate chiefly to my ſelf; for, they will be found uſeful to many of them, who, are or ſhall be, exerciſed with like Paſſions and Afflictions.

That, which tends to the Vindication of the *Poem* occaſioning my Commitment hither, will concern others as well as my ſelf; So, may alſo that which expreſſeth my ſuddain diſtemper, at the firſt hearing of my Wives Sickneſs, lying at 52. Miles diſtance in a very diſconſolate Condition, as to all outward things: And they who are as truly ſenſible of a *Conjugal* and *Paternal Affection* as I am, will perhaps, think when they read what I have written, that it may be of uſe to ſome of them, when they conſider well the ſtruglings between my *Fleſh* & *Spirit* during that *Tryal*; and, in regard it is in probability, the ſtrongeſt Temptation whereby the world and the Devil ſhall have power to afflict me. But, whatſoever ſhall be thought of that, of the reſt of theſe Parcels, or of me, I ſent them to thoſe in writing, who deſired to have Copies of them, and to paſſe further, as God ſhould give leave.

To

To write no more, I long since did intend;
But, none but GOD knowes now when I shall end,
For, still, I find, when I think all is done,
As much to write, as when I first begun.

Your true Friend, and Brother in the best Consanguinity, who thinks it no dishonour, to subscribe himself,

GEORGE WITHER,
of Newgate, *in the City of* London, *Prisoner.*

The 19th. of the 8th.
Moneth, 1661.

An Appendix in Relation to what concerns his Wife.

My Consort, (who still meanes what ere she sayes)
Perusing what's here mentioned to her praise;
Protests, her modesty is so offended,
To find her self in such a strain commended,
That, she's asham'd to live; and, to be dead
Had rather, then to see it published.
To be aveng'd for this dislike, therefore
Ile to the rest, ad this one Vertue *more,*
Which had been else forgot; and if she do
Therewith find fault, Ile then, ad twenty moe.
For, I forbore her Praises *till I fear'd*
That, them, she never should have seen, or heard,
And, had exposed them to Publication
Before I was quite cured, of my Passion.

A Table

A Table of the ſeveral things contained in this Book.

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THE END.

The Authors Dream, *the night before the Imprinting of this Book, and* (*as he believes*) *the true Interpretation thereof.*

I Am *awake*: GOD's bleſſed Name be prais'd,
That, he to ſee the Light, my eyes hath rais'd:
For, *ſleep*, I ſee, which we repute the beſt
Of *Temporal things* pertaining to mans *Reſt*,
(Next to a *quiet Conſcience*) may become
A *Torment*, very near as troubleſome,
If he, that giveth his *Beloved* ſleep,
Did not, within a *Bound*, nights terrours keep.
My *Soul*, ſo toyl'd, and tired out, hath been
With what, this *night*, in *Dreamings* I have ſeen,
That, peradventure, if I waking, had
Been ſo oppreſt, it might have made me mad:
For, from the twelfth hour, to the fourth, well nigh,
I have been ſtrugling, in an *Agonie*,
With ſuch *Confuſions*, that, if I would tell
How, I have been turmoyl'd, I, might aſwell
Another *World* endeavour to *Create*
Out of a *Chaos*, as the ſame relate:
And, not a little troubled is my mind,
Now I am *waking*, how, I forth may find
What it *preſignifies*: For, I believe
Thoſe *Notions*, I did not in vain receive;
And, therefore, (ſince no *Daniel* I do know,
Who, either can to me my *Viſion* ſhow,

Or, what it means) Ile, by GOD's Grace, assay
To make the best use of it, that I may;
Not doubting, but, that he will condescend
To shew some glimpse, of what, he doth intend.
It hapned (which, forget not to remember)
The day before the *Kalend's of November*,
The *first year* (and may be the last) wherein
I had infranchised in *Newgate* been,
For off'ring to *Record*, what I have heard
By *common Fame*, and, was by me declar'd
To no worse end, then, that, prevent it might
Such like *Confusions*, as me thought, this night
To me were represented. And, who knowes
But, that, this *Dream*, a *Consequent* foreshowes
To that relating, which, fulfill'd will be
Either, upon these *Nations*, or on me,
Or both of us, if God, averts not from
The best of us, that, which is like to come;
And, as dreadful our *waking Dreams* may be
As this was in my *sleep*, last night to me.
This very day, moreover, (as I hear)
Those *Musings*, which by me composed were
Since my *Commitment* hither, pass the *Presse*.;
And, our *confusions*, will be more or less,
As they shall take effect. GOD's *Will be done*,
(What ere, he pleaseth shall succeed thereon)
For, he, who wak'd me out of this sad *Dream*,
Will, when, at their worst, raise me out of them;
Or, when the *Resurrection morning* comes,
Save, me, at least, from all *destructive Dooms*,
This, (though my *Dream* admits no explanation)
I take to be a true *Interpretation*.
But if, that any finds me out a better
I will approve it, and remain his debter.

Errata.

ERRATA.

PAge 3. line 17. read *Appeal*, page 14. line 30. for which are, r. *with awe*, l. 34. r. *entertain'd*, p. 16. l. 13. r. *Though so*, p. 23. l. 3. r. be for *he*, p. 26. l. 23. r. doſt for *doth*, p. 32. l. 18. r. not ſo. p. 36. laſt l. r. *contriv'd*. p. 39. l. 26. r. *firſt*, *that*, p. 42. l. 14. r. *grown wiſe and ſober*, l. 33. r. *more provoke*, p. 43. l. 2. r. *of Reaſon*, p. 44. l. 5. r. *of letting*, l. 11. r. *conceſſion*, l. 28. for *is*, r. *are*, p. 59. l. 6. r. *extract good*. p. 75. l. 22. r. *Revive*, p. 79. l. 15. for race, r. *truce*. p. 91. l. 30. r. *every* for very. l. 26. blot out *now*, p. 96. l. 13. r. we for *wee'l*. p. 102. l. 9. for their r. *them*. p. 108. l. 23. blot out *my*, p. 110. l. 2. r. his *truſt*.